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SUNLIGHT ON THE QUILT.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

It covered a wretched pallet,
  In an attic room forlorn;
A sunbeam crept through the broken pane,
  And brightened its colors worn.
The light of the fair, fresh morning,—
  How the widow's eyes grew wet,
As she watched the spot on her faded quilt
  Where its rosy foot was set.
And like the touch of a fairy,
  To the widow of three score,
That sunbeam wakened her coffined dead,
  Her dreams of the days of yore!

This patch was sewed in the garden,
  On a sunny noon in May;
And that, in a field where a hand, long dead,
  Was gathering in the hay;
This delicate star was fashioned
  By a group now stiff and white,
And that was a scrap of the muslin dress
  She wore on her wedding night.

Ah! the old familiar muslin!
  Ah! the timid, blushing bride!
The surpliced priest and the silent group,
  And the dear one at her side;
How it swelled the heart of the widow,
  With quiet, thoughtful tears,
To look on the picture the sunbeam brought
  From the halls of the buried years!

And the attic was filled with shadows,
  With the tender, dim-eyed guests,
Who flitted around the time-worn quilt,
  And spoke from their hollow breasts,
In a noiseless, joyous whisper,
  Of the past and its pleasant store,
Till the widow lifted her voice and wailed
  For the things that come no more!

Oh, friend! 'tis a mournful picture,
  Believe me, if thou wilt—
But joy and sorrow alike are hid
  In the folds of a patchwork quilt!

VIOLET;

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXVII.

During the commotion reigning in the mansion of Lord Kingswood, when Cyril, smitten by his father's terrible revelation respecting the closeness of the blood-tie existing between him and Violet, fell lifeless upon the floor of the library, there lay extended upon a bed within that house a man prostrate in body, but mentally excited to a state of frenzy.

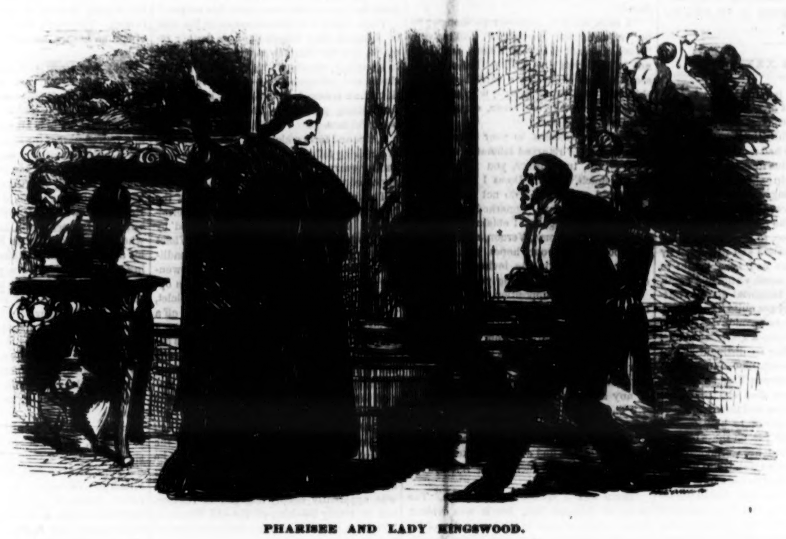
Whatever might have been the potion palmed upon him by old Pengreep as brandy and water, Pharisee firmly believed it to be poison, the deadly effects of which he had rescued himself from by taking an antidote.

What the old man's motive could be in making this attempt at murder he could not divine, and he found it a futile task to endeavor to think. His head was racked with pain, and his brain was confused and wandering. He found it impossible to fix it upon any one subject. He tried to recollect what had passed between him and Pengreep, but he had clinging to his memory but one topic, and that was comprised in the communication he had made to Lord Kingswood. What else he had imparted to him he could not remember: he could only hope that he had himself made no revelations of a compromising character.

The consideration which most disturbed him was, however, what had transpired between himself and Lord Kingswood. He had a wild, hazy recollection of the interview. He remembered that he had been helplessly intoxicated in his presence; that he had, in order to excuse his filthy condition, sputtered out the secret disclosed to him by Pengreep, and which now he saw it would have been most important to keep until a more fitting moment, at least for his own advantage.

He reproached himself a thousand times for having been tricked into even tasting the ardent spirits which Pengreep had so cunningly introduced, and of which he had partaken only, as he had admitted to Lord Kingswood, with the object of inducing the old man to drink too, and so let out matters of importance, under the influence of drink, which, in his sober moments, he would have kept close.

Drinking was one of Pharisee's secret vices; he had a constant craving for brandy, but he never indulged this appetite unless alone at night within his own room; and when he did give way to it, he invariably, before he laid himself down to sleep, swallowed a potion which acted as an antidote to its ill effects.



PHARISEE AND LADY KINGSWOOD.

Thus, not only Lord Kingswood never saw him in a state approaching even inebriation, but none of his fellow-servants, not excepting the butler, who had condescendingly invited him several times to give his opinion of some of my lord's choicest wines, carefully selected by him from the stock for his own drinking, or to regale some particular friend who might pay him a visit in town or country. Pharisee, in fact, had the character of being a teetotaller, though, when he did yield to the promptings of the vice, he drank to excess.

He was quite conscious that Lord Kingswood would be petrified at seeing him in the condition in which he presented himself to him, and he was consequently aware that it would do more to weaken his lordship's faith in him than anything which had yet happened. It was an abrupt and startling piece of evidence, proving to him that he had been deceived in one point of the man's character, that so far from abstaining from all kinds of spirituous liquors, he could—no matter what the motive—indulge to excess at any moment. It was a lapse which might be looked over, glozed over, pardoned, but forgiveness would not restore confidence, and Pharisee felt that he must, by this one unconscious act, have lowered himself many degrees in Lord Kingswood's estimation.

He hated his lordship with such bitter intensity that this event would not have disturbed him if it had not tended to weaken his lordship's belief in his trustworthiness, and, therefore, the influence which it was Pharisee's constant endeavor to maintain and wield over him.

In his long-cherished, most wicked design, he counted upon his lordship's faith in his steadiness, integrity, and fidelity as a material element in the success he hoped to achieve; whatever therefore operated upon his lordship's mind so as to weaken that faith, weakened also the prospects of his ultimate triumph. It was in vain that he endeavored to recall all that passed between his lordship and himself. He dimly remembered disclosing Pengreep's story respecting Lord Kingswood's child being the Wonder of Kingswood Chace, but he could not remember whether he had mixed up with his statements aught concerning Lady Kingswood and the Marquis of Chillingham.

At best his own knowledge on the point went no farther than the note he had purloined from Lady Kingswood's desk and his own dark surmises. He was, however, sufficiently satisfied that an intrigue had been commenced by the Marquis, and that Lady Kingswood, through her own unhappy organization, would become a victim to the designs laid to ensnare her; but had he, in his mad intoxication, revealed this frightful information to Lord Kingswood? He became faint and cold at the bare thought. He could not recollect when or how he had parted with Lord Kingswood. He vaguely remembered his own prostration and Lord Kingswood's rage; that he had been seized by him and violently shaken, but he could remember no further.

Unable to rise from absolute illness, he awaited the appearance of one of the footmen to summon him to his lordship's presence, but no one came. He remained for some hours, but still without the dreary stillness of his apartment being broken in upon. At length, unable to endure the torture of suspense, he crawled from his bed and rang his bell. It was not until he had a dozen times repeated his summons that a servant attended to it, and when at length a man appeared, it was only to furnish him with an incoherent statement to the effect that Mr. Cyril was in a fit, and dead, or dying, or in some equally dreadful condition; that Lord Kingswood had quitted the mansion in a state of frenzy; that Lady Kingswood and Lady Maud were with Mr. Cyril, attended by physicians, trying to restore him; and, in short, that the whole house was in a state of confusion and disorder; no one—not even the most inquisitive of the female servants—being able to afford a clue to the cause.

The man having thus delivered himself, disappeared as abruptly as he had appeared, leaving Pharisee more bewildered, perplexed, and distracted at his situation than ever.

What was worse, he found himself powerless to quit his bed. The effect of the drug administered to him by Pengreep was of so exhaustive a character that he felt himself entirely deprived of strength, and this physical prostration was so materially increased by the mental excitement he was laboring under, that he eventually fainted away.

It was in the dead of the night when he recovered from his insensibility. He was still miserably weak and strengthless. The faint rays of a lamp enabled him dimly to see the objects in his room, and served to tell him that, during, as he supposed, his long slumber, some one had visited him, and left a lamp burning for him when he should awake.

The burning fever which had seized him in the morning, and the maddening headache which had almost driven him mad, were gone, but with them also his memory.

He gazed around him, and wondered how and why he was there. Conscious of his position, and that something of a horrible kind had happened, he yet could not recollect what. His mind seemed to have gone blind. He felt like one who had gone to sleep with the faculty of seeing, and had awakened without his eyesight. He was in the position of one who, having made himself master of a poem, finds, when desirous of reciting it, that his memory refuses to render up a word.

And while aghast at this discovery he was seized by a horrified impression that there was some dusky phantom in a corner of the room, awaiting a moment favorable to reveal itself to him!

He was convinced that his eye had suddenly caught sight of a tall figure standing motionless in the most shadowy portion of the apartment in one of its restless movements; but, naturally superstitious and cowardly, he dared not look again in that direction.

With a convulsive shudder he buried his face in the pillow, and at the same moment he was thrilled to the marrow of his bones by a voice which spoke in a whisper, and which he did not recognize.

"Hist! Pharisee," it murmured. "Quick; attire yourself, and descend with noiseless steps to the picture-gallery; one awaits you there who must confer with you. Lose not—"

A faint cry of alarm checked further speech, and almost immediately he heard a slow, measured footstep approaching along the corridor the door of his own apartment. It stopped for a moment at the threshold; then he heard the door flung open, and some one approached his bed-side.

A cold hand was laid upon his shoulder, and he shouted with fright—a fright not diminished when, upraising his terrified eyes, he beheld, standing at his bed-side, Lord Kingswood, with pale and haggard face and blood-shot eyes. His aspect was stern and fierce, and he said, in a commanding, harsh tone—

"Quit your bed and attend me; no lying excuse of illness will save you. Arise, or I will drag you from your bed! I cannot sleep, I cannot rest, I cannot endure this torture longer; I will dare and defy the worst. Arise, wretch! quickly, if you would not drive me to some deed of desperation fatal to yourself."

So accustomed was Pharisee to obey his lordship's commands, that, faint and weak as he was, he complied, though he with difficulty attired himself, and was unable to stand without clutching some object, by the aid of which he supported himself. It was not until he was in Lord Kingswood's study, to which, following his lordship, he staggered he knew not how, that his ghastly, livid, pinched features, and hollow, glaring eyes, attracted the attention of his lordship to his condition. Coldly, and without a word, he motioned to a decanter of wine which stood upon a silver tray on a small table at hand, and Pharisee, conscious of its virtue to one in his exhausted condition, filled himself a glass—not without difficulty—and drank it off. His lordship watched him in silence, and waited for a minute or so to observe the effect it had upon him. Presently he bade him drink another, and then be seated. Pharisee obeyed, and sinking into a chair, pressed both hands upon his brow, for the wine had a rapid and violent effect upon him. It gave to him a degree of false strength, and after he had conquered some little difficulty of breathing, he removed his hands, and looked Lord Kingswood in the face with more firmness and a clearer comprehension of his position than before. Lord Kingswood quickly noted the change the wine had wrought in him, and bending his piercing, glittering, haughty eyes upon him, he said, in an austere tone—

"Yesternight you brought to me a strange, wild, apparently incomprehensible story. You remember it, no doubt, with all its distasteful accessories?"

Pharisee bowed in silence, but in tremor. He could not remember one incident that had happened the previous night respecting it; his mind was a blank, though strange to say, what had immediately passed was retained by his memory, even to the impression that some being had been in his room, and had addressed him immediately prior to Lord Kingswood's arrival. In fact, this strange conceit or fact, as it might be, was unpleasantly uppermost in his thoughts, and it was difficult to divest himself of the belief that the same dusky, spectral figure he had caught a glimpse of in the gloom of his chamber was hovering about him at this moment, lurking in some of the shadows or behind some of the pillars or projections in the apartment, ready to spring upon him the moment he might be alone. Lord Kingswood, satisfied with his silent acknowledgment, proceeded,

"It would be idle were I to attempt to deny that there is a shadow of truth in the old man's story, improbable as it may appear. I confess I have been startled by it, but its grievous effects have not ended there, nor are they likely, unless they are arrested in their progress. I see that I must have aid; you have fished and ferreted out this accursed tale. You have mixed yourself up with Mr. Gower's presence at Kingswood Hall; you saw the evident trouble it gave me and my wish to be relieved from such an incubus, and you promised to exert yourself to gratify my wish and effect his removal. His departure was accomplished by his own impetuous nature, and not by your contrivance, but he is still near me, to distract—to ruin—to destroy me. Pharisee, I must be rid *of him*; you have embarked in this matter, you must go on with it; you cannot halt now any more than I can. You have expressed and wished me to believe that your devotion to my service has no limit. I will prove it. But it is well that you should know the peril of your position. I hold your life in my hands, you must be my creature, my tool, my slave in all matters connected with this frightful complication. If you play me false, no earthly power shall rescue you from a fate I have designed for you. I have thought over events throughout the long night and the longer day, and I must be set free or fall. You must be my instrument; you shall help me to triumph, or you shall perish with me."

Pharisee heard him in silence, and a swarm of thoughts rushed through his brain; not of the past—relative to the events of the night he had passed with Pengreep—but of possibilities which should enable him to appear in the eyes of Lord Kingswood the mere creature of his will, but in reality the slow but sure architect of the schemes he had already planned. He glanced at Lord Kingswood's face, and saw that he was regarding him with a stern and savage expression, which for the moment made his heart sink within him, and he said, quickly, in a faint voice,

"I have hitherto been humbly devoted to your lordship; I am anxious to continue so during the time I may have the honor to serve your lordship, and whatever task your lordship may command me to perform, I will endeavor to the utmost of my poor ability to execute. If I should, however, fail from no lack of exertion—"

"You must not fail without well considering the price it entails," interrupted Lord Kingswood, sharply. "Failure will be destruction to me, and I will not suffer you to remain behind to yet more deeply blast my memory by your revelations of the service in which I have employed you."

"My lord, you alarm me!" exclaimed Pharisee, with a terror as much real as affected. "If I comprehend your position aright, you have naught to fear beyond the exposure of an every-day story—a *liaison* with a young—"

"Peace, man! pollute not her memory by breathing indefinitely even a reflection upon her with your lips," interposed Lord Kingswood, with an impetuous burst of passion.

Then he rose up and paced the room, beating his brow with his clenched fist, exclaiming,

"God! this it is to have been unfaithful to myself—to my own honor."

Pharisee was stung by the implied scorn, but beyond a sudden grating of his teeth, which was neither audible nor perceptible to Lord Kingswood, he betrayed no sign that he heeded the taunt. He only said,

"My lord, in justice to myself, I must claim to be put in possession of some facts. I must know the ground upon which I am to work if I am to win a successful issue. I do not expect your lordship to be minute in your revelations to me, but I do expect your lordship to put me into possession of such facts, that I may direct clearly my course, and, despite all difficulties in my path, wrest a triumph for you."

Lord Kingswood mused for a few minutes. It was evident that a fierce struggle was taking place between his pride and the necessity of revealing to Pharisee sufficient of that history which had made Horace Vernon his bitter enemy. At length he confronted Pharisee, and said, in a husky voice, with rapid utterance,

"I was young, wild, when betrothed to Lady Kingswood, headstrong, and untrammelled by control. Chance threw me into the society of a lady, young and beautiful, betrothed to another—he,—that stern, pallid man, you observed riding by the side of Mr. Gower in the Park. A ceremony took place between us—"

"A marriage?" interposed Pharisee, in an eager tone.

Lord Kingswood's brow fell.

"No; it was a delusion, a sham," he replied, hastily. "A child was born. I parted from both. I heard afterwards that both were dead, and years passed, leaving this assertion uncontradicted. Lo! upon a certain day, this man—this Vernon—appears, with Gower at his elbow. 'It is your son,' he said, and left him—a fester in my peace, a canker in my domestic happiness, a withering blight upon my roof-tree. He, having brought from a grave into startling, damning life this boy, refuses to tell me whether *she* yet lives or not. In this maddening anxiety, you, like another foul spirit of evil, appear, and say to me that this boy is not my child, but that I shall find her in—oh! distraction—THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHACE!"

Pharisee uttered a sharp cry, as if his brain had been pierced by a point of steel.

A vision flashed before his eyes. A tall, thin, ancient man, stood before him, with uplifted hands, grinning like a demon, while he howled in his ears the very words which Lord Kingswood had just spoken with such bitter emphasis.

Another instant, and it was gone again, and the incident was once more buried in his brain, to be exhumed he knew not when.

Lord Kingswood regarded him with gloomy surprise.

"Why that exclamation?" he said. "You brought me that story, accompanied by such particulars, that it is impossible for me not to acknowledge that it borders on the truth. But, on the other hand, there is Gower, who bears so strong a resemblance to the Kingswoods; if not my son, who is he? Again, the mother, does she live yet? I must know—I must know. I will not live on thus. You must return to the man who drugged you—yet not befooled you—he must be bought—his knowledge of the facts extracted from him at any cost, and then prompt action.—Mark me, Pharisee, I wish to return to the condition I occupied a few months since, before yon wretched boy was thrust upon me. *He must be got rid of.* I fear him!—I fear him! A girl's claim upon me might be compounded, but there is ruin in his. Let him disappear—you understand—and I will do battle with all the rest. We are alone—it is the dead hour of the night; no living eye beholds us. I do not ask you to obey me—I command you at the peril of your own life to do this I have directed you to do, and if you hesitate, bungle, or fail, though it cost me the gibbet, as the last ignominy which can be thrust upon me on earth, I will crush your miserable life out of you as I would that of a worm—with my heel."

The hand of Lord Kingswood was upon his neck, and his eye, with a fiery glare, was turned on his as he forced the last words through his teeth, so that Pharisee trembled with a fear that, half frenzied, he would even now inflict upon him the fate he menaced. But Lord Kingswood released him, and said—

"Go, I shall see you again when you have extorted or purchased from the old person you have named every word of the secret he possesses, or, not succeeding in inducing him to be communicative to you, arrange an interview with him for me, and I will compel him to disgorge all he knows. To assist you, I will, for the present, dispense with your attendance upon me, so that you may devote all your energies to the task imposed upon you by your own seeking. Before many days—nay, before many hours—the information I imperatively require must be mine. Go!—You know the service required of you, and the penalty attached to default. Go!"

Lord Kingswood waved his hand to the door of the study with an imperious gesture, and Pharisee, with his accustomed servile bow, glided to it without a word. Indeed, he was too overwhelmed to offer a remark. He was conscious that he had intruded himself into this private and painful business, and that he could offer no objection to the position in the matter which Lord Kingswood had assumed. At present his brain was in a whirl, but he trusted to a few hours' rest and self-attention to reduce the chaotic seething to order, and to turn what now seemed menacing and adverse to him to his own advantage.

He closed Lord Kingswood's door, and as he moved away from it, a soft hand—a woman's hand—clutched his wrist.

A cry escaped him. A voice instantly whispered in his ear—

"Not a sound, for your life; follow me to the picture-gallery."

Conquering, in some degree, his perturbation, he obeyed the injunction. He was accustomed to obey—the hour of his resistance had not yet come. He marvelled who it was who had thus seized him. Some one of the household, no doubt. But who? As he could not remember what had fallen from him at his drunken interview with Lord Kingswood, as he could not recollect even how he got into Lord Kingswood's study from Pengreep's dreary-looking apartment, it floated across his mind that he had in some way committed himself; and here was another, beside Lord Kingswood, prepared, in the dead of night, to acquaint him with his sin of commission, and to exact tribute for it under a menace.—He followed the dusky form before him, which he could but indistinctly see, and entered the picture-gallery, the figure not pausing until it reached a projection formed by two Corinthian pillars acting as a support to one portion of the superbly decorated roof. It glided behind them, and awaited Pharisee, who, filled with wonder and dread, followed close behind. From beneath the massive cloak which completely enveloped it, the figure drew forth a small hand-lamp, and throwing back the hood which concealed its head, revealed to Pharisee's undisguised astonishment the features of Lady Kingswood.

He was about to utter an exclamation, when she raised her finger and whispered—

"Be cautious! Listen to me! You are playing me false, man—"

"I swear, Lady Kingswood,"—interposed Pharisee, clasping his hands, and addressing her.

"Silence!" she exclaimed, emphatically, though her voice was not raised above a murmur; "I sought you upon my return with Mr. Cyril from the Marquis of Chillingham's. I found you prostrated by drinking, rambling in your speech about a daughter you had discovered Lord Kingswood to possess. I was prevented questioning you, not alone by the illness of my son, which distressed me, but by the return of Lord Kingswood, with whom you had a long and exciting interview. That I know because Lord Kingswood took no rest, and that he had an interview with Mr. Cyril, the result of which was at first thought to have killed him, but has since proved to have been a shock which deprived him of his senses only for a time. I cannot ask Cyril a question, he is too ill. I cannot command myself to ask of Lord Kingswood an explanation, for I should know and feel that he was not revealing to me the truth—it would be natural that he should not. As I cannot exist in this desponding state of mental agony, my mind oppressed by horrible conjectures of injury, I am compelled, having no other sources from whence to derive information or to approach the truth, to descend to this most humiliating course."

For a moment the proud woman pressed her hand over her eyes, while Pharisee started at her last words as though a serpent had stung him.

"The humiliation, haughty being, is yet to come," he thought.

Removing with a sudden dash her hand from her eyes, she knitted her brow and compressed her lips, showing that her desire to become mistress of Lord Kingswood's falsity to herself mastered every other consideration.

"Reveal to me what you last night disclosed to Lord Kingswood—what this night has transpired between you!" she exclaimed.

"Lady Kingswood," he murmured, in a tone which jarred offensively on her ears, "you know my extreme devotion for you. No created member of your sex but yourself ever raised up in my breast emotions which urge me to become to you the veriest slave. Your wish, your word, your look—is my law. Yet pardon me, though there is much to reveal to you, it is yet too early. I am about at once to proceed to make certain discoveries which, as soon as they are mine, shall be yours. If your ladyship would only therefore condescend to wait—"

"I cannot, I will not!" she exclaimed, passionately. "Villain, if you torture me more by this mode of concealment, I will drag you back by the throat to Lord Kingswood, and, confronting you, compel you to disclose to me what has transpired between you."

"On my knees I implore you to have prudence," exclaimed Pharisee, horrified beyond measure at the excitement she betrayed, and the loudness of the tone in which she spoke.

She glared down upon him sternly, even fiercely.

"I will be trifled with no longer!" she exclaimed. "I cannot bear this frightful incertitude. I can be calm under a knowledge of my wrong. I shall know the worst, and can then determine my revenge, but this state of unsatisfied suspicion drives me to frenzy. I want but to know that *I am* wronged, the atrocious details you can leave to another time. Speak."

In an instant Pharisee detected the power she was about to place in his hands. He knew by her aspect, as by her words, how greatly she would value the information he could give her, and his own sense that he would himself estimate it at no mean value, and he resolved to make the most of his advantage.

"Lady Kingswood, for myself I would not care though you tore open my breast and wrenched out my heart, so that yours was the hand that performed the deed. I will tell you all I know, but pray consider—"

"I have considered!" she cried, impatiently. "Proceed."

"I am, my lady, betraying Lord Kingswood's dearest secret," he rejoined; "I am exposing myself to a fearful penalty for my treachery to him—"

"But I have told you you shall be rewarded beyond your utmost hopes for your faithfulness to me," she interrupted, with a vexed manner. "Let me have no more of this sickening hesitation. I have told you, man, I cannot bear it."

"Well, then, my lady, as my devotion for you will lead me to any self-sacrifice, even to death itself," he returned, in the same fawning, soft, pleading tone which was so distasteful to her as to make her secretly shudder, "I will tell you all that you will for the present require to know. I will hereafter furnish you with the proofs, but until you have them, I pray you will be as silent as the grave upon my communication, especially to Lord Kingswood."

"I will," she answered, laconically, but firmly.

"Lady Kingswood," rejoined Pharisee, speaking quickly, but in a frightful whisper, "while Lord Kingswood was wooing your ladyship he met with a young and beautiful creature—there was a marriage—and a child."

"Almighty Heaven, support me!" gasped Lady Kingswood, and staggering, would have fallen, but Pharisee sprang to her side, and caught her in his arms.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Beatrice Stanhope inherited from her father a certain amount of skill in *finesse*, and she exercised it in the conversation into which she at once entered with Violet on being introduced to her. She had a double object to effect. She was anxious to ascertain for her father what relationship existed between Erle Gower and Lord Kingswood; and for her own part, she was exceedingly inquisitive to know who and what he really was.

She was desirous, too, to learn more about Violet. She was surprised and perplexed by her introduction. She had been taught to believe that there was much virtue in a name, notwithstanding the Immortal Bard's startling query, and she did not quite like her present young and fair companion being presented to her only under a Christian name. Still there was a bearing so distinguished in both Erle and his companion, and such an unexceptionable elegance in Violet's manner as well as appearance, that she could not doubt their true position, and though once or twice the mystery attached to both crossed her with an unpleasant jar on those impressions to which she had been schooled, she suffered the more genuine feelings to prevail.

She found herself foiled in her efforts to extract from Violet the remotest clue to the information she sought, and was at once amused and interested by the amazed look which the sweet face and gentle eyes of Violet expressed when she put to her a question, constructed so as to yield her something towards what she desired to glean.

She was charmed, too, by the strange melody of her voice, as by the attractive simplicity of her observations, rarely offered, it is true, but so *naive* and unaffected, that, accustomed as Beatrice was to the society of the young and fair of the higher order, they were quite refreshing.

Ishmael, though riding and conversing with the Marquis of Chillingham, watched them closely, as he minutely observed Beatrice and Erle in their recent colloquy. As his deep-hued, thoughtful eye rested on the face of Violet, and noted the brightening of her features and the faint tinge of crimson upon her hitherto pallid cheek, his lip curled.

"The taint of Eve is ineradicable," he muttered. "Woman's sorrow is as transient as her love. In her youth her heart is, when it should be unswerving in its integrity, as variable as a spring sky, now showers, now sunshine—tears and smiles. Bending one moment beneath a seeming killing grief, and while the dewdrops yet quiver and glisten upon the cheek, a burst of sunshine lights up the countenance, and all is beaming joy once more. It is the curse upon the sex that it should be thus fickle—that it should be like the purple plant, enchanting to the eye, but a bitter and a fatal poison to the lip? This child of nature, an hour since all wan and sorrowful, revives under the gleaming of many eyes, and her face speaks of a new-found friend. Such is the nature of them all. I have been a fool. I looked for a diamond, and believed I had found it. I tested it by the flame of pure love, and it became ashes."

The Marquis of Chillingham, like Beatrice, endeavored not only to ascertain in what relation one so young and singularly beautiful as Violet stood to his own college friend, Horace Vernon, but in order to gratify the morbid but not unnatural curiosity of Lady Kingswood, with regard to Erle.

"I must carve out an hour, Vernon," he said, when he found that Ishmael met the few suggestions he proffered respecting Violet with coldly evasive answers, "to renew some of those pleasant scenes and happy hours we have passed together in the very brightest period of our youth. I have not forgotten those events, most dear to my recollections, any more than I have the inestimable obligations I have been and still am under—for they can never be repaid—to you. I should like once more to recall them with you to prove that, amid all the changeful scenes of my life, the bitternesses, the toils, the embroilments, and the many cares of years of political strife, they have flourished green and blooming where you would hardly suppose I had the smallest space for the purely sentimental—the poetry of human nature."

A sardonic smile for a moment lighted up the features of Ishmael.

"I would not recall those scenes, those events," he said, in a tone of acerbity. "I have no green spots in my memory now."

"Nay," objected the Marquis, "I will not hear you say so. I have no very elevated notion of human nature, I promise you. I have had sufficient insight, with the spoils of office in my gift, to sicken at the bare thought of sincerity, truthfulness, and nobility of soul. Yet I have, perhaps, by the force of contrast, a more vivid recollection of some past circumstances which glow the brighter, grow the greener, because of the scorn I feel for a very significant portion of my own kind. You may have been deceived, betrayed—like too many of us; have reaped the basest ingratitude for the golden grains of generous service sown by you: but, Horace, man, the times and scenes I speak of are pure and unblighted still, and may well be looked back to with a keener appreciation of their worth, a more joyful recognition of their blossoming, for they are imperishable flowers blooming upon a barren soil."

"More like the *ignus fatuus* gleaming over a steaming morass," rejoined Ishmael. "Intangible, treacherous lures. I tell you, Chillingham, they are withered twigs, they are perished flowers, nothing but dead leaves, to prove to us what fools we have been.—Green spots of the memory! they are grave mounds to mark where our brightest aspitions, our purest purposes, our unsullied and unsullying resolves, and our generous designs are buried. Let us not revive the past, I pray you; to me it would be a progress from an ice-region into an atmosphere of flame."

"I must see you, misanthrope though you be," rejoined the Marquis of Chillingham. "You were not always a Timon, and I do not believe you are now, or I should not see you thus exercising a careful guardianship over two young people, who are favored with a carriage and men, certainly unusually distinguished."

"You are welcome to your surmise, my Lord Marquis," returned Ishmael, coldly.

"Tut, tut, tut, Horace, you protest a little too much, I fear. Do as I do. I make the world my slave—I do not suffer myself to be the world's slave," remarked the Marquis. "I expect nothing, and I obtain a very satisfactory return. Come, Vernon, admit, if even disappointed in your hopes, you have yet a very full return in the loving companionship of these two charming people."

"Even in this supposition, my Lord Marquis, you err," responded Ishmael, with a scornful smile. "I have been a benefactor to both; the one shrinks from me with fear, the other regards me with a haughty, defiant spirit, instinctively believes me to be an enemy, and displays the most fiery impatience at any attempted control."

"The maiden shinks from you because you ever stand before her like the grim giant of the Hartz Mountains; and the other, because you direct and command like a feudal lord rather than a tender father," rejoined the Marquis.

There was a silence for a minute. The brow of Ishmael fell, but it was evident, from a slight change in the expression of his features, that the observation of the Marquis had somewhat moved him.

Presently, the Marquis, bending towards him, whispered—

"I can take a liberty with you, Horace; that would be a tolerated question from me, which would be unpardonable insolence from another. Tell me if you will—I admit that I am very anxious to know how you came to be in possession of—of—"

He hesitated.

"Of what, my lord?" asked Ishmael, with some surprise on his features.

"THE FAMILY SECRET OF LORD KINGSWOOD," added the Marquis, emphatically.

The dark eyes of Ishmael gleamed, a smile moved his lips, even though his teeth were closed firmly together. Conscious, however, that the Marquis's eyes were on his face, he composed his features to a calm, rigid expression.

"What may that secret be, my lord?" he asked.

"Absurd in you to put that question to me, Horace," rejoined the Marquis.

"Wherefore?" interrogated Ishmael.

"Why, you have him here, immediately before us, riding with the young ladies, Stanhope's daughter and your fair *incognita*," responded the Marquis, pointing to Erle.

Ishmael raised his eyes to those of the Marquis.

"How knew you that he was a secret of Lord Kingswood's?" he inquired, a little testily.

"Kingswood told me so himself," replied the Marquis.

"Ha! When?" rejoined Ishmael, eagerly.

"Oh! at Kingswood Hall," answered the Marquis, readily. "My opportunities with you have been so few that I have not been able to put a question to you. I met Mr.—Mr.—Gower, I think Lady Kingswood called him, at Kingswood's seat, whence he takes his title. The youth excited a great deal of notice, and, in fact, executed a dashing feat of horsemanship in the rescue of young Lady St. Clair. Oh, I assure you he is by no means unknown personally to me. I was amazed to meet him at my house the other night, and equally astonished to find him in your custody instead of that of Lord Kingswood. There seems a great deal of mystery about him, and there was, I know, a vast deal of uneasiness about him at Kingswood Hall. I am usually unaffected by these sort of things, but I must admit, in this matter, I am curious. The young man is wonderfully like Kingswood, too. Like enough to be his son. Yet I have known Kingswood since his marriage, and I am sure he cannot be his son—"

"Indeed!" ejaculated Ishmael, with emphasis.

"That is by marriage," hastily subjoined the Marquis, "because he was not married before he wedded the present Lady Kingswood."

"Indeed!" again exclaimed Ishmael.

The Marquis stared at him.

"By Heavens! Vernon, what do you insinuate?" he cried.

"Nothing," responded Ishmael, coldly.

"Nay, it appears to me that you do," persisted the Marquis. "There can be no doubt about the extraordinary resemblance—yonder boy and Kingswood. You know why. Would you have me believe that he is the offspring of a marriage prior to that with Lady Kingswood, and that she, the proud, haughty daughter of the—"

"Believe, my Lord Marquis, whatever may be congenial to your experience, your suspicions, or the wildest flights of your fancy," interposed Ishmael, "I bid you infer, surmise, believe nothing."

"But you know and can give me the information if you feel a disposition to reveal it to me," urged Lord Chillingham. "I have a peculiar and primary reason for becoming acquainted with his parentage, and you would add to those inestimable favors of which I have already spoken, if you would even give me a clue to the facts, and leave the rest to me."

A smile curled the lip of Ishmael—a cold, scornful smile.

"Though your manner is chilling and reserved, my Lord Marquis, your imagination is fertile; exercise it, it may help you to the truth. Yon boy *is* Lord Kingswood's family secret; so let him remain for the present. A day will come, not far distant, in which that secret will be proclaimed in a manner which will set at rest forever all doubts or speculations; until that hour your lordship must excuse my reticence upon this subject."

There was a firm determination in the tone of Ishmael, that admitted of no further remark; and the Marquis having utterly failed in his object, shortly after pleaded official business, and galloped away—not, however, until he had fastened his eyes with an earnest, scrutinizing gaze upon Violet's wondrously beautiful face.

A face and form which still attracted crowds of admiring followers, and extorted the never-ending query, "Who is she?" which no one appeared to be able to answer.

The ride was, after the departure of the Marquis of Chillingham, brought to a termination. Beatrice, who had been joined by her brother Carlton, took her leave of Violet with a profession of tenderness and friendliness which seemed to cause her some wonder; while Carlton, who had not had an opportunity of speaking two words to Violet, though he was prepared to have rattled off a thousand, did not disguise that it was a source of vexation to him to part thus abruptly with one who appeared to have turned the heads of scores of young, dashing fellows like himself, and would his if he had not fancied that it was already more than half-turned by Lady Maud St. Clair.

That same strange, savage smile rested on the features of Ishmael, as he watched the separation, as had moved them when he spoke of Erle to the Marquis of Chillingham; and that night, as he sat alone with Erle, who was apparently deeply engaged in reading, but in reality thinking of the old library at Kingswood, and how he could contrive to revisit it, he said to him,

"You were the guest of Sir Harris Stanhope's son. It would be well that you invite him here; and as his sister already has formed an acquaintance with Violet, and would not be a companion for her lonely hours of whom I should disapprove, include her in the invitation. You may add that, in your desire to respond to his kind reception of you on your arrival in London, in a similar spirit you will, on their first visit here, receive them as old and valued friends, without other guests to interfere with the attention you are desirous of paying to them."

Erle looked upon these instructions with some quiet, inward marvel. They did not square with the rigid seclusion in which they had been as yet kept by Ishmael in the large and costly mansion in which they now dwelt, but he had nothing to offer in the way of objection, so he at once complied with Ishmael's request.

In fact, he was rather glad of repaying the obligation he was under to Carlton, and he liked the society of Beatrice. She was always engaging in her manner, and she yielded a deference to his opinion, and, in fact, to him in all things, which is especially agreeable and flattering to the male sex in general, and was to Erle in particular.

The invitation was despatched, accepted, and a quiet but pleasant evening was passed. Beatrice played and sang brilliantly, and Violet sat gazing earnestly at her fingers as they swept over the keys of the piano, and listening to her unweariedly; the more patiently and pleasedly because Beatrice, feeling in a sentimental mood, sang some plaintive love-ballads with touching earnestness and excellent taste.

Carlton was rather perplexed by the conduct of Violet. He was certainly greatly attracted and fascinated by her face; he was susceptible to the charms of exquisitely-formed features, and as he gazed on the countenance of Violet, so instinct with innocent sweetness, he found himself growing gradually enraptured; but though he exerted himself to create a sensation, he found that he did not accomplish a successful result.

Violet listened to his rattle and his laughing badinage with the air of one who did not comprehend the language in which he spoke, and in truth rather shrank from him, which a little amazed him. He however only redoubled his attentions, in order to maintain a character he believed himself to possess, that of being rather a favorite with the fair sex.

Ishmael was present during the whole of the evening, but both Violet and Erle were surprised to find him play a part to Beatrice and Carlton which was new to them. Nothing transpired during the evening to mar the equanimity which prevailed; and they all parted, apparently mutually gratified.

Sir Harris Stanhope, who yet hung back from the arranged interview between himself and Lord Kingswood, was quite elated at the opportunity thus thrown in his way, as it were, of obtaining the information he wished. He never expected to make anything of Carlton. He was too thoughtless and heedless ever to make a diplomatist. He invariably spoke before he thought, yet he frequently, from this very foible, made something out of him, because, by his frankness, he sometimes elicited facts Sir Harris desired to become master of, and he readily revealed them when questioned upon them.

Beatrice, on the contrary, he could place more reliance upon. He knew she seldom spoke without thinking, and without asking or troubling himself to ascertain what plan she adopted to secure intelligence he was anxious to possess, he generally received it from her when he instructed her to obtain it. He, therefore, finding himself yet unfurnished with the details of Erle Gower's history, no sooner learned from Beatrice that herself and Carlton had been pressed to visit Violet and Erle again—pressed by Vernon himself—than he strangely enough deluded himself with a fancy that Vernon had forgotten him, and he therefore commanded rather than urged them to accept the invitation, and to repeat their visits if only in the shape of calls, again and again.

Beatrice wanted no urging, nor, for that matter, did Carlton, for he was piqued by Violet's manner towards him—not that she was cold, but that she was indifferent. He could make no impression upon her. He knew, he felt that he might as well have been absent as present, so far as any influence his society created in her mind was concerned. Therefore, true to the perverseness of human nature, he redoubled his attentions to her.

They met again and again. Ishmael was careful they should not be joined by other society at present. That was an arrangement to be carried out hereafter.

One night, as they all four sat together, he, in a retired part of the room, apparently reading a book, attentively watched them. Violet, in deep thought, was seated by Carlton's side, he pouring low, earnest sentences into her ears, not one word of which she heard. Erle, too, was abstracted, so profoundly wrapped in meditation, indeed, that he was wholly unconscious that Beatrice had called his attention to an exquisitely-executed drawing which represented a youth and maiden standing upon a balcony together, gazing at the moon, even as they had once stood together, when he developed his knowledge of astronomy, instead of talking sentiment, as she thought he ought to have done. Perceiving that his attention had been carried away by some—she knew not how deep—memories, she suffered her deep, earnest eyes to rest upon his young, handsome, noble features.

It was at this juncture that Ishmael said to himself, with the old, savage, relentless smile.

"Thus shall it be. Stanhope played the villain to HER and to me. Through his infernal, heartless agencies both these instruments of my insatiable vengeance have had their young lives embittered and their happiness possibly blighted. Yon girl is heart-stricken by the attractions of Erle. I see that her soul already is transferred to him; she loves him with all the deep and fiery passion of such a nature as hers. If woman's heart can break for disappointment in love, hers shall, for she shall never have him, even though Erle has more than hinted that he loves her. And for this cub of Stanhope's, why, aye, let him plunge himself the whole depth of his future happiness—as I have done—in an absorbing love. He may, he will, he must, for Violet's is a beauty which would enslave a nobler nature—one less susceptible to woman's fascination than his. They shall both have latitude until they are utterly enmeshed—then away with the objects of their passion; they shall meet no more. Let them droop, pine, wither through their despairing unhappiness. I will wreak my vengeance upon the paltry caitiff, their father—Sir Harris Stanhope—who aided, from the worst of motives, to wreck my peace on earth for ever."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Mrs. Partington says there isn't enough of the spirit of seventy-six left to fill a fluid lamp.

☞ The ashes of a smoked cigar are little thought of—those of a man, scarcely more.

☞ The Americans are distinguished for spitting. Any American cook can spit chickens, geese, and turkeys.

> "LEAVE all for love!
> Yet, hear me yet,
> One thing more thy heart beloved,
> One pulse more of firm endeavor—
> Keep thee to-day, to-morrow, for ever,
> Free as an Arab
> Of thy Beloved!"

☞ Set a pitcher of water in a room, and in a few hours it will have absorbed nearly all the respired and perspired gases in the room, the air of which will have become purer but the water utterly filthy. The colder the water is, the greater its capacity to contain these gases. At ordinary temperatures, a pint of water will contain a pint of carbonic acid gas, and several pints of ammonia. This capacity is nearly doubled by reducing the water to the temperature of ice. Hence, water kept in the room awhile, is always unfit for use. For the same reason, the water in a pump stock should always be pumped out in the morning before any is used. Impure water is more injurious than impure air.

☞ Phil was inclined for a trip to the Springs, and called upon his friend. "Hal, my dear boy, I'm off for the capes, and I'm a trifle short—lend me a hundred, will you?" Hal, after a pause, which apparently included a mental examination of his financial arrangements: "Well, Phil, to tell the truth, I do not feel disposed—at present—to make, any permanent investments."

☞ Put no dependence on genius. If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if you have but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency. Nothing is denied to well directed labor, nothing worth having is to be had without it.

☞ Tailors may not be a very brave set of human beings, but we have seen many a military officer, who, although vain of his courage, couldn't look his tailor in the face.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1861.

TERMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a-year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The FIRST YEAR'S subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

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ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we *prefer* Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order.*

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

OUR CITY SUBSCRIBERS.—*Our city subscribers would oblige us by either calling at the office and settling their accounts, or else sending the money by the post. The per centage that we have to pay collectors for collecting such small accounts, is a heavy tax upon us, and one which we hope our city subscribers will, as far as possible, save us.*

RAREY AGAIN.

Mr. Rarey closed his exhibitions in Philadelphia last week, and goes now to Baltimore, and, we suppose, to other Southern and Western cities. The owner of the stallion Turco, of Wilmington, who was not satisfied with the result of the first lesson that the horse-tamer gave his unruly steed, was "perfectly satisfied" with the result of the second lesson. For half-an-hour—about double the usual time—Turco held out obstinately; but he was finally forced to succumb, and allowed Mr. Rarey to put his arm in his mouth, handle his hind feet, and beat a drum on his back, with perfect equanimity.

Mr. Rarey's beautiful little Shetland ponies, one of them the smallest full-grown horse in the world, always make their appearance in the course of his performances, running in like a couple of fine lively dogs.

Shetland ponies are believed to be descended from Arabian horses, dwarfed through successive generations by cold, and scanty fare. They are hardy and healthy. So would children probably be treated after the same fashion—that is if they were strong enough to live through it. Parents who entertain the notion that it is well to let their children go half clothed through the winter, may see what they lose and what they gain. It *is* (when it does not kill) a hardening process, and so far satisfactory; but if it inevitably dwarfs the child, as there seems no room to doubt, it strikes us that much more is lost than gained by the process.

WOODEN SOLES.

Wooden soles for shoes have generally been considered a thing of the past—a relic of the ignorant and clumsy period of shoemaking art. But as old customs are very apt to reappear, we should not wonder if wooden soles should again become common and even fashionable.

A firm "down-East," we see it stated, are now engaged in the manufacture of wooden-soled boots and shoes, which are described as follows:—

The boots and shoes made on McClellan's plan are unlike the French sabot, which is entirely of wood, or the ugly Lancashire clog. The sole is made of hard wood, and so treated as to prevent its absorbing moisture or being likely to crack. The uppers are made of leather, and are secured between the thin wooden inside and thick wooden outer soles, by pegs, nails, screws, cement, or any other means most suitable for the kind of article manufactured, and, in appearance, are as neat as heavy boots and shoes made entirely of leather. They are chiefly intended for farmers, miners, foundrymen, bleachers, dyers, and classes of persons working in damp situations. As wood is a good non-conductor, such boots and shoes are superior to those made entirely of leather for keeping the fee warm, and the soles will endure, of course much longer; while the cost is not so great we are informed, as the same quality composed entirely of leather. During the Crimean war numbers of the French soldiers wore *sabots* in winter, and it was remarked that they suffered less from sickness than their English comrades.

We should not be surprised if what is claimed for wooden soles on account of their superior healthfulness, were strictly true. Wood is a capital non-conductor, and we should think would keep the feet much drier and warmer than the usual sole leather. In fact, cork soles are now extensively used for this very reason. And as to the important points of cheapness and durability, we should think the advantage was decidedly with the wooden soles.

CINDERELLA AND HER SISTERS.

We advise our citizens and visitors to step in and see this picture, now exhibiting at Mr. Robinson's Gallery, Chestnut Street above Ninth. It is well worth their attention. The painter has chosen to make the sisters beautiful; not quite the popular idea, but better perhaps for an effective picture, and better for the moral, as it makes the difference one of spirit only. There may be ugliness, according to the Yankee usage of the word—moral deformity, under that fair exterior, but certainly the grace and beauty of these stately ladies are much more obvious. One is a regal, passionate brunette, the other a radiant blonde. The dress of both is magnificent, in some particulars a triumph of art. Poor Cinderella sits by the fire in a desponding attitude, in a scanty ash-colored dress, and with an ashen hue over hair and face and figure. Some think she is too much under a cloud—that the painter should have thrown a little sunshine upon her face, to assist the shining out of her real worth. But we are not sure the effect would be improved. No mere outward light is needed to show forth her superiority. It is plain enough to the close observer which one is nature's elected queen. The royal blood of beauty may be traced in every perfect feature of her downcast face, every line of her graceful form. We consider that her face is all it should be to meet the ideal of the fairy tale. *Misfortune* only clouds it; no faintest shadow of evil passion is there. Her mouth, the feature that would most show defects of temper, is a well of sweetness undefiled. We should like, for the sake of those who cannot recognize a queen without the glittering accessories of her rank, that the painter had made a companion-piece, Cinderella in her ball dress, preserving every lineament of the woman here indicated, merely removing disfigurements and supplying advantages to place her on an outward level with her sisters; which was all the fairy did. The artist's conception of Cinderella would thus be vindicated to every eye.

ENGLISH OPPRESSION.

We note several cases of "aristocratical oppression" in England lately. No less than *five* bakers have been fined in London, in amounts varying (with costs) from forty to seventy dollars, *only* for using alum in the making of their bread!

Just to think of it—bakers not allowed "to do what they will with their own" alum! Now, in this free and happy country, bakers and others drug the people with impunity, and there is no myrmidon of tyranny to molest them or make them afraid. Why, in France, they will not even allow a milkman to water his milk! Let us be thankful that we live in a country where milk can be watered, bread alumed, and all liquors drugged with impunity.

NO SALT.

The Health Commissioners of New York have forbidden the salting of the streets of that city, for the purpose of melting the snow on the railroad tracks. The brine thus produced is, as every one who has made ice-cream knows, an intensely cold mixture, injurious alike to the feet of horses and the shoes and boots of pedestrians—to say nothing of the health of both horses and men. Cannot the wits of the ingenious among us hit upon some easy and economical plan of removing the snow from the city railroad tracks, and thus obviate the use of salt? At present it seems to be difficult to avoid its use at certain times, unless the cars are stopped at periods when they are apt to be most wanted.

WEATHERCOCK JOURNALISM.

Under the above head, "*Vanity Fair*" ridicules the telegraphic announcements that appear in the New York Herald and other daily papers, from their correspondents in Washington. It gives the following as a specimen of that kind of journalism:—

"TELEGRAPHIC CORRESPONDENCE for a Daily paper; WASHINGTON, MONDAY: There is not the slightest doubt but what a well-organized conspiracy is on foot, having the capture of the Capitol and public buildings for its object. In fact, it is openly acknowledged by many of the Southern Senators, and is a common topic for hotel-discussion, etc.

"TUESDAY: The report in yesterday's *Herald*, concerning the conspiracy to seize the Capitol has created the greatest excitement here. The plot is so deeply laid and well managed that hardly anybody knew of its existence, until informed by the *Herald*.

"WEDNESDAY: I have been tracing the 'great conspiracy' story to its source, and can state positively that no such plot exists. The people of Washington would rise as one man, to quell any attempt at an outrage of that nature.

"THURSDAY: New developments have come out, showing the conspiracy to capture Washington, on the 4th of March, to be much more serious than was at first imagined. All the preparations are completed, and a force of 2,000 men are now perfecting themselves in the use of arms. The ringleaders are, some of them, men in high places. I am not permitted, at present, to enter into details.

"FRIDAY: The 'conspiracy' hoax is just now the theme of talk and laughter here in all circles. General Scott informs me that with a force of fifty men, the city could be held against a mob of ten thousand. The story originated with one of the cheap scurrilous lobby organs—a paper whose columns are notoriously venal. Evidently the alarmist dodge is about played out.

"SATURDAY: A secret investigation is being held, with a view to ferreting out the real facts concerning the proposed beseigement of Washington on the 4th of March. Much startling intelligence has come to light, and the Mayor informed me, last night, that he was willing to bet ten to one that Lincoln would never be inaugurated here. Next week, I shall doubtless be at liberty to disclose all.

"SUNDAY: The Committee of Inquiry into the Washington-seizure conspiracy have settled the whole affair beyond a doubt. It is an absurd *canard*, invented by some newspaper-correspondent in want of a sensation-paragraph."

We are often amused at seeing in our daily papers a long string of sensation headings—sufficient to give one the idea that something of the most momentous importance has occurred—and finding upon examination that nothing of any consequence whatever is communicated; the whole affair being a series of the merest guesses and surmises. Now it is evident that both good taste and truthfulness demand that the headings should bear some proportion to the importance of the news.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FAITHFUL FOREVER. By COVENTRY PATMORE, author of "The Angel in the House." Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

In these days of much writing, when expression by the pen seems the natural mode of manifestation for all classes of cultivated minds, book after book hurries forth from the press, attains a certain degree of popularity and notoriety, culminates, perhaps, in a fourth edition, and then drops away into forgetfulness again. Poems, novels, travels, essays, they chase each other like the waves of the sea; the best of them, like shell-laden waves, leaving some debris on the shore, which remains when the swell that brought it has subsided and been forgotten.

Something of this fate has befallen the poems of Coventry Patmore called "The Angel in the House," and, respectively, "The Betrothal," and "The Espousals," which were received with favor, extensively read, attained, we believe, the blissful agony of martyrdom in the Saturday Review and Blackwood, not to mention our own Putnam, then in its palmiest days, but which have now generally retreated from centre tables to the library shelves, where they peacefully repose. But now comes a dainty volume from the same pen, clothed in the pretty dilettantism of antique type, (at odd variance with the extreme modernness of the style,) to renew and expand the story of the others.

Those two, pretty, pleasing poems, the delight of young men and eke of maidens, to whose glory they were specially dedicated, recorded the very smooth course of true love between Honoria Churchill and Felix Vaughan; the only ripple in the current being some jealous qualms of the hero relative to a certain "sailor cousin," in whom he suspects a lover of the beautiful Honoria.

The present one, entitled "Faithful Forever," shows us the reverse of the tapestry, in the experience of the sailor-cousin, Frederick Graham, whose exalted, impetuous, refined and unselfish passion for Honoria, quite throws the comparatively moderate and jog-trot loves of the former hero and heroine into the shade.

This poem has a disadvantage, as compared with the others, in being moulded in verse of doggerel monotony, occasionally degenerating into flat colloquialisms; as, for instance, the mother writing to her son, says: "You'll have to buy almost an outfit for this cruise; but many are good enough to use again among the things you send to give away; my maid shall mend and send them after you; adieu."

Will our readers try the pretty puzzle of transmuting this very prosaic prose into "poetry?" The method is simple. Only break up the lines, and mark the beginning of each with a capital! Yet in spite of this drawback, this last poem greatly excels the other volume in real life, earnestness and pathos, and, consequently, in interest.

As we foreknew, the poor sailor "Loses the world, and not wins her." The parting is pathetic and beautiful, but too long for quotation.

> "Of Love, that never knew his earthly close,
> What sequel?"

This is the Tennysonian motto of the title-page. Mr. Patmore's answer seems to be, "He should marry somebody else." Honoria lost, Frederick consoles himself with

> "Jane,
> A dear good girl, who saw my pain
> And spoke as if she pitied me;"

and the following excellent, neighborly, and totally novel reason is given for loving her.—

> "As man is given, for earthly life,
> The closest neighbor in his wife,
> I'll serve all; Jane be much more dear
> Than others, as she's much more near!"

But better than Frederick's desert in this love befalls him. Jane's purity, lovingness and single-hearted simplicity work themselves even into outward fairness—that beauty which is "love that can be seen." This her husband first catches sight of beside their first-born child.

> "But when the new-made mother smiled,
> She seemed herself a little child,
> Dwelling at large, beyond the law
> By which, till then, I judged and saw;
> And that fond glow which she felt stir
> For it, suffused my heart for her;
> To whom, from the weak babe, and thence
> To me, an influent innocence,
> Happy, reparative of life,
> Came, and she was indeed my Wife."

The progress of this transformation of the little homely Jane is the great charm of the book, though by no means the only one. It abounds in passages that tempt to quotation, did space serve.

The chance descriptions of rural sights and sounds, and the sweet and subtle thoughts and feelings thence arising, are peculiarly beautiful.

> "The multitude of voices blythe
> Of early day, the hissing scythe
> Athwart the dew drawn and withdrawn."

Such lines are a June picture in themselves.

With the deductions of the writer we may, nay we must take issue. Love is not transferable at will from *the* woman to all womanhood. Nor is such marriage a good and a righteous compact.

But it is no small praise to accord to any book to say that it stirs thought and discussion on some or any of the deep problems of life; and to this praise, besides that of being a pleasant story, and a pretty poem, we can assert the claim of "Faithful Forever."

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LETTER FROM PARIS.

AN IMPERIAL FROLIC—THE GRANDMOTHER'S ARM CHAIR.

PARIS, Jan. 25, 1861.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

A charming little *fete*, kept as quiet as possible, has just been given by the Emperor to the Court, and the "fortunate few" therewith connected. The inundations which have been filling the cellars of Paris, and threatening the foundations that uphold so much carving and gilding, had flooded a beautiful meadow, dotted over with little mounds and clumps of trees, on the borders of the Longchamps race-course, just outside Baron Rothschild's splendid park near Suresnes. This meadow was turned over, for the nonce, to the skillful management of Godillot, the manager of the Imperial and Municipal *fetes*, and was by him "fitted up" with equal promptitude and skill. Stakes driven into the ground, supported a cord which formed the enclosure set apart for the festive gathering; masses of colored lamps were hung from the trees; a white marquee, gaily adorned and brilliantly lighted, contained a buffet, amply supplied with refreshments and hot beverages of every description; sledge-chairs were abundantly provided; and about ten o'clock the *fete* began. The Empress, still in black, but looking better and more cheerful, took her seat in her beautiful chair, covered with gold and green velvet, and was for some time pushed about over the ice by the Emperor, who had donned his skates in the marquee. After having amused himself for some time in this manner, he confided the Imperial chair to a courtier, and skimmed about in fine style, darting hither and thither among the skaters, and apparently enjoying the fun as much as any of his guests. A number of elegantly dressed ladies were present, some in chairs, with pendant lanterns of colored paper, others with skates, in the use of which they acquitted themselves very well. A great number of strangers, mostly Americans, were present. Being in Paris simply to amuse themselves, and consequently devoting their well known energy, and equally well known aptitude for inquiry, to the finding out of whatever may be going on, the latter are especially tolerably sure to be met with in great force on all such occasions, and often excite the vexation of the Parisians, who only hear, from foreigners who have participated in them, of the gay doings in which they would have been enchanted to share. The greater number of those who took part in the Imperial frolic, having learned that something pleasant was going on somewhere in the neighborhood of Suresne, contrived, by repeated inquiries, or by following carriages that appeared to be bound on the same mysterious errand, to reach the scene of the *fete*, where all comers were most hospitably admitted. Conspicuous among the bevy of foreign belles was the beautiful Miss R——, of Boston, in an elegant skating costume, composed of a black velvet hat and feather, short tunic, and Balmoral skirt, who went over the ice in capital style, rivalling the skating performances of the most skillful of the other sex. The ice was but a foot or so above the grass, so that there was no danger of any catastrophe, and the effect of the brilliant illumination, and of the *bouquets* of Bengal lights that were sent up at short intervals from every little mound, with the gay dresses of the ladies, and the general movement and animation of the scene, made up a most charming *ensemble*, equally novel, brilliant and picturesque. The *fete* was continued until near midnight, when the Imperial pair, having taken their departure, were followed by the rest of the company; the satisfaction of the latter receiving, of course, an additional zest from the fact that, owing to the secresy with which it had been managed, each one of the "fortunate few" who had taken part in it could count on being the centre of a circle of "dear friends," in despair at not having heard a hint of the coming *fete* beforehand.

And now, having duly chronicled the *fete* of last Friday evening—kept so secret that it has not yet found its way into the papers of this gossipping city—I take up the thread of my last week's letter, and resume the history of Fritz Staeckel's adventures, and proceed to set forth how he fared when ensconced, without candle, in

THE GRANDMOTHER'S ARM-CHAIR.

So tired was the artist that he fell asleep the instant he had established himself in the sole couch which Dame Bernard had been able to offer him, and slept soundly until morning. He was twenty-five years of age, and his face, set off by a mass of fair, shining curls, was as fine a specimen of the best German type, with its gentleness and dreaminess, as could have been furnished by the entire Confederation. As the first ray of dawn fell on the head of the sleeper, they lighted up just such a face of gentle, yet manly beauty, as most young maidens have seen in the dreams of their girlhood.

Fritz was aroused from his slumbers ere the sun was fairly above the horizon, by a slight noise. He fancied that he heard the door closed very softly, and a whispering of female voices on the stairs outside. He peeped between the curtains of the bed and saw that it was empty.

"The old grandmother is an early riser," thought Fritz to himself, as he turned round in the arm-chair, and tried to go to sleep again. But the racket in the village, and the noise and stir in the house, effectually prevented him from resuming his slumbers. Quitting the chair, he made his way down stairs, and entered the common room below.

"Well, Monsieur Staeckels! Have you slept well?" demanded the hostess.

"I never slept better, Madame Bernard. And my room-mate slept well also, for I did not even hear her cough. She must have got up very early. Where is she?"

"Ah! I've had fine work with her this morning," replied the hostess, with some embarrassment. "My mother saw you in her chair, on waking; she got up at once, and came down stairs in a dreadful passion with me. She was so angry that all I said was of no use. I could not pacify her, and she insisted on going away directly to my brother's, several miles from this, with some people who were just starting in their cart for that part of the country."

Fritz expressed his regrets at having been the cause of the old lady's departure, but could not help rejoicing, in his own mind, that he should not be compelled again to share his lodging with her. He next asked for some breakfast.

The weather was splendid, so he went out and installed himself at one of the tables placed under a group of pines, which filled the air with their breezy murmur, and their subtle aroma.

"What can you give me for breakfast, Madame Bernard?" he demanded, as he took his seat under the trees.

"You know what I gave you last night," returned that personage.

"You gave me the leg of a goose, stewed with cabbage!"

"Well, for a change, I can give you some cabbage stewed with a leg of a goose. I have nothing else in the house." And so saying she returned to the house to prepare the promised viands for her guest.

"Queer country, this," mused the artist, as he followed the play of light on the spiky tufts of the pines, "where people have nothing to eat but legs of goose stewed with cabbage, and where, to gain a trifle more money, they make travellers pass the night in arm-chairs, by the bedside of sleeping old grandmothers of ninety! I must be crazy to have thought of coming to Labouheyre to see a group of pines, when there are just as good ones in the Bois de Boulogne! I will sleep here to-night, as that venerable relic of antiquity has left her bed at my disposition; but to-morrow I shall certainly retrace my steps towards civilized regions."

Here Fritz's monologue was cut short by the appearance of a young girl, the most perfect realization of the ideal of rustic beauty that had ever greeted the artist's eyes. In one hand she carried the savory preparation that appeared to constitute the mainstay of Dame Bernard's commissariat, and, in the other, a pile of plates and napkins, which she placed upon the table, but without daring to look at the stranger, who, on his side, regarded her with as much amazement as admiration.

"Is it possible, mademoiselle, that I shall be so fortunate as to have my breakfast brought to me by so lovely a person as yourself?" demanded the artist, almost unconsciously thinking aloud, as soon as his astonishment permitted him to regain the use of his tongue.

The girl smiled and blushed at the young man's compliment, but made no reply.

"Do you belong to the house, mademoiselle?" he inquired, after waiting in vain for an answer to his former question, while the girl continued to place the crockery in order upon the table before him.

"Yes, monsieur," she answered, still without raising her eyes to his face.

"Are you the daughter of Madame Bernard?"

"No; her niece. I have neither father nor mother," she added, with a sigh.

"I wonder if your name is as pretty as your face?" continued the artist, with a mixture of gallantry and respect in his manner, that seemed both to amuse and reassure the country beauty.

"I am called Madeline," she answered, with another smile.

"I was sure you had a pretty name!" cried the artist, gaily. "You are very busy just now; but pray what do you do here all day long?"

"Oh, I am always very busy," she answered quickly, "I am at work from morning till night!"

"And pray, what do you work at?"

"I knit, I mend the linen, and then I practice."

"May I ask what you practice?"

"The piano. I have been at school in Mont-de-Mersan; and I am enough of a musician now to go on practicing by myself."

"You are no doubt the reigning belle of this part of the country," remarked the artist; "I would lay a wager that all the young men for ten miles round, are at your feet! Unless, indeed, you have some cousin who drives them away, in order to keep the coast clear for himself."

The rustic beauty laughed outright at this speech of the inquisitive stranger.

"I have but one cousin," she presently answered. "He is a rosin-dealer, and lives at Bulos. He comes to visit us once a year," she continued, demurely, "I have seen him four times since I came back from Mont-de-Mersan."

"But I am sure he must have fallen in love with his pretty cousin the first time he saw her?" said Fritz.

"No," replied Madeline, with a smile, for the persistence of the handsome young stranger amused her, and his manner was so friendly and kind, that she was fast losing her shyness with him; "no, I do not think he did; at least he did not tell me so."

"And the second time?"

"The second time, he told me he had just sold fifteen hundred francs' worth of rosin," she answered, gravely.

"And then—?"

"That was all."

"But the third time?"

"He spoke of five hundred sheep he wanted to buy."

"And the fourth time?" pursued the inquisitor, who seemed to take great interest in the inquiry.

"Oh, the fourth time, he told me he wanted five hundred more sheep, and that he must marry, in order to buy them with his wife's *dot*."

"Ah! what a charming cousin!" exclaimed the artist, in a tone of vexation.

"But he is not at all charming, I assure you," returned the little beauty, shaking her head gravely; "and he is not young, either. Excuse me, monsieur," she added, "I hear my aunt calling me!" and so saying she ran quickly into the house.

Fritz remained for a few moments lost in thought. A new and strange emotion seemed to have taken possession of him; and he quite forgot his determination to quit Labouheyre on the morrow. Rousing himself at length from his reverie, he attacked the viands set before him, and having finished his breakfast, took his sketching-portfolio, and sauntered away to take a look at the neighborhood. Perhaps it was the uninteresting character of the landscape that caused him to pass an idle morning; certain it is, that, although his sketch-book was under his arm, he did nothing whatever with his pencil during his wandering. But he came back punctually to dame Bernard's cottage, at the hour of dinner.

"Well, Mr. Painter!" demanded the dame, as he made his appearance, "have you done anything to-day?"

"I have taken a walk," replied the artist.

"But have you not made a picture?"

"No, Madame Bernard; I have not made any picture this morning! none in my sketch-book, at anyrate," added the artist, mentally.

"But you can draw folks' likenesses?" demanded the dame.

"I can draw folks' likenesses, Madame Bernard!" replied the artist, smiling.

"Does it cost very dear—a fine likeness, down to the waist, with the hands, and some rings, and a nice large brooch?"

"That depends on the person. Is it your own likeness you wish for, Madame Bernard?"

"Oh, dear, no! I am too old to go to such an expense. But I should not be sorry to have the likeness of my niece; little Madeline, you know, who carried you your breakfast this morning."

Fritz felt his heart give a bound at these words.

"Ah, your niece would make a charming portrait, Madame Bernard!" he replied, "I will set about her likeness as soon as you please, and I will not charge you a *sou* for making it?"

"Do you get much money by making folks' likenesses for nothing?" demanded the dame.

"I get about a dozen times a thousand francs every year. Not enough to build palaces with, but enough to keep a bachelor's soul and body together!"

Dame Bernard was half petrified with amazement at learning that people could gain such an amount of riches with "only little bits of brushes!"

Fritz now inquired what he was to have for dinner?

"Why, I am afraid you know already. A leg of goose, stewed with cabbage. I've nothing else in the house."

"Ah, yes, I remember. This morning you gave me cabbage stewed with a leg of goose, by way of change; so I can't complain of sameness."

The inevitable dish was served up by Madeline; but Fritz had no appetite, and after swallowing a few mouthfuls, he set up his easel, produced his canvas and paints, and set to work on the portrait of the village belle.

The fair Madeline henceforth sat daily to the stranger-artist; and faithful to the traditions of the painter's brush, the painter and the model were over head and ears in love with one another by the time the portrait was completed.

Dame Bernardine was not blind to what was going on under her very nose; but she had from the first formed a high opinion of the honesty and uprightness of her new customer; she was simple and upright herself, and had a *naif* admiration of artists, whom she looked on as a sort of superior beings, capable of transmuting canvas into bank notes, and paint into gold, merely with the aid of their "little bits of brushes."

One morning, when the two young people were wandering together under the trees in Dame Bernard's garden, Fritz took the hand of his companion in his own.

"Madeline," he whispered, softly, after they had walked on a few yards in silence.

"Well, Monsieur Staeckels?" rejoined the damsel thus interpellated.

"I want to speak to you of something very serious!"

A rosy flush spread over the charming face of the village maiden.

"Will you allow me to do so?" demanded Fritz.

Madeline may have had her own suspicions as to the nature of the communication thus solemnly announced; but she said nothing, and Fritz probably thought he might venture to take her silence for consent. At any rate, he thus continued—

"When I left my mother, a few months ago, she said to me: 'My son, you are about to travel. Keep careful watch over your heart; for you are frank and honest, and may therefore be deceived. But if you should meet with the one who can secure your happiness, beware of losing her!' Last night I dreamed of my mother. I thought that she said to me, 'The happiness of your life is near you. Do not pass it by!' We Germans are rather given to put faith in dreams; I have faith in mine. Dear Madeline, have you faith in me? And may I hope that your happiness would be secured by making mine? Will you let me speak this evening to Madame Bernard?"

"What about?" asked Madeline, timidly.

"About our marriage!"

The rosy flush deepened on Madeline's face at these words; she made no reply to the demand, but Fritz felt her hand tremble in his, and he again interpreted her silence in his favor.

Dame Bernard, of course, did not think of refusing her niece's hand to a man who gained twelve thousand francs a year with "little bits of brushes."

A month afterwards the young artist married the village beauty, with his mother's full consent and blessing. Just before the ceremony took place, Madeline's cousin arrived for the fifth time.

"What did he say to you?" asked Fritz, when the cousin had taken his departure.

"That there is a rise in the price of rosin; and that he would have willingly married me, in order to use my *dot* in a grand speculation that he thinks would have turned out very well!" replied Madeline, who could not help laughing as she recalled the blank disappointment visible in her cousin's face, on learning that she was to marry the stranger-artist that very morning.

Just as the little party was setting out for the double visit, first to the *mairie*, and then to the church, Fritz, for the first time, bethought himself of the old grandmother, in whose chair he had slept so soundly on the night of his arrival beneath dame Bernard's roof.

"How is it that the old lady is not here to be present at the wedding of her grandchild?" demanded Fritz of the dame. "Is she still angry with me for having had the temerity to share her room at your bidding, Madame Bernard?"

"She is not angry with you!" replied Madame Bernard, with a significant smile; "and she is not absent, either, for she is going to church with you this morning!"

An idea suddenly darted through the young artist's mind.

"It surely was not Madeline?" he cried, eagerly.

"It was no other!" returned the dame. "When I stole into her room at day-break, to bring her away before you should waken from your heavy sleep, I found her already awake. She had seen you asleep in the great arm-chair, with the first rays of the light falling on your head; and I should not wonder if she confessed to you some day or other, that she had lost her heart to you even before you had seen her."

"But you surely don't mean to end your story there, without even describing the wedding, and telling us whether your young friends were 'happy forever afterwards,' as all story-tellers are in duty bound to do!" cried the rest of the guests, as the narrator ceased speaking.

"How very unreasonable," replied the latter. "How can you expect me to be so very prosaic? Do not all country weddings resemble one another? and what scope for description is there in a marriage where laces, satins, orange-wreaths and the other received adjuncts of fashionable matrimony are wanting? Besides, any one who wishes to know how the young people prospered, how the artist's mother received the lovely peasant-bride, (but an educated one, please to remember, *Mesdames et Messieurs!*) and how the artist, with the aid of the 'little bits of brushes,' contrived to 'keep the pot boiling,' have only to draw upon their own imaginations, and they will be tolerably certain to arrive very nearly at the truth." With which *boutade* the company were obliged to content themselves.

Another of the stories narrated that evening, which struck me as worth noting, was one told by a Scotch woman, a descendant of one of the long-exploded royalties of the "land o' cakes," and possessing a remarkable talent for such narratives; an opinion in which the readers of THE POST will, I hope, agree with me, when they shall have duly perused my next letter. QUANTUM.

MEAT PRESERVED IN MOLASSES.—"Sugar-cured hams" have long been in fashion in this country. They are moderately salted, and sugar or molasses added to assist in their preservation. In France, all sorts of fresh meats have been preserved by molasses alone. An article in L'Invention asserts that meat may be preserved by molasses alone in the most perfect manner, and with the following important advantages: It has an agreeable flavor, it produces no scurvy or other disorders which result from the use of salt food, and it may be prepared at a moderate price. The process consists simply in cutting the meat into pieces of moderate size and dropping them into molasses, such as is obtained from the sugar manufactories or refineries. By a natural process the lighter juices of the meat pass out, and the heavier molasses penetrates inward to every part of the meat. When the external molasses has acquired a certain degree of liquidity from the mixture of the juices of the meat, it is a sure sign that the meat is thoroughly impregnated. It is now taken out of the molasses, thoroughly washed, and hung in a current of air to dry. After it is completely dry, it may be packed in boxes and sent all over the world without experiencing any change whatever.

EVENING HYMN.

[The *London Athenæum* says there is a certain richness in the music of this Evening Hymn, by Adelaide Anne Proctor, which reminds us (to be fanciful) of the odors of a linden avenue in summer, or of a pine forest after a shower, when all that is left of day is a glow in the West.]

The shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie:
Before Thy Throne, oh, Lord of Heaven,
We kneel at close of day;
Look on Thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
Oh, do not Thou despise;
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise;
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.

Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart,
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart:
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine:—
Give us, oh, Lord, fresh hopes in Heaven,
And trust in hopes divine.

Let peace, oh, Lord, Thy peace, oh, God,
Upon our souls descend:
From midnight fears and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend;
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord;
Oh, give us now repose!

WHAT KNOWLEDGE IS OF MOST WORTH!

From "Education," by Herbert Spencer.

We need not insist on the value of that knowledge which aids indirect self-preservation by facilitating the gaining of a livelihood. This is admitted by all; and, indeed, by the mass is perhaps too exclusively regarded as the end of education. But while every one is ready to endorse the abstract proposition that instruction fitting youths for the business of life is of high importance, or even to consider it of supreme importance; yet scarcely any inquire what instruction will so fit them. It is true that reading, writing, and arithmetic are taught with an intelligent appreciation of their uses; but when we have said this we have said nearly all. While the great bulk of what else is acquired has no bearing on the industrial activities, an immensity of information that has a direct bearing on the industrial activities is entirely passed over.

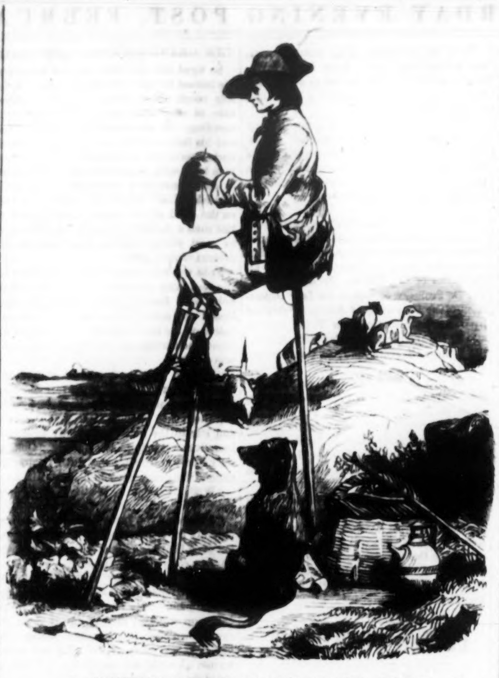
For, leaving out only some very small classes, what are all men employed in? They are employed in the production, preparation, and distribution of commodities. And on what does efficiency in the production, preparation, and distribution of commodities depend? It depends on the use of methods fitted to the respective natures of these commodities; it depends on an adequate knowledge of their physical, chemical, or vital properties, as the case may be; that is, it depends on Science. This order of knowledge, which is in great part ignored in our school courses, is the order of knowledge underlying the right performance of all those processes by which civilized life is made possible. Undeniable as in this truth, and thrust upon us as it is at every turn, there seems to be no living consciousness of it; its very familiarity makes it unguarded. To give due weight to our argument, we must, therefore, realize this truth to the reader by a rapid review of the facts.

For all the higher arts of construction, some acquaintance with Mathematics is indispensable. The village carpenter, who, lacking rational instruction, lays out his work by empiracle rules learnt in his apprenticeship, equally with the builder of a Britannia Bridge, makes hourly reference to the laws of quantitative relations. The surveyor on whose survey the land is purchased; the architect in designing a mansion to be built on it; the builder in preparing his estimates; his foreman in laying out the foundations; the masons' in cutting the stones; and the various artisans who put up the fittings; are all guided by geometrical truths. Railway-making is regulated from beginning to end by mathematics; alike in the preparation of plans and sections; in staking out the line; in the mensuration of cuttings and embankments; in the designing, estimating, and building of bridges, culverts, viaducts, tunnels, stations. And similarly with the harbors, docks, piers, and various engineering and architectural works that fringe the coasts and overspread the face of the country; as well as the mines that run underneath it. Out of geometry, too, as applied to astronomy, the art of navigation has grown; and so, by this science, has been made possible that enormous foreign commerce which supports a large part of our population, and supplies us with many necessaries and most of our luxuries. And now-a-days even the farmer, for the correct laying out of his drains, has recourse to the level—that is, to geometrical principles. When from those divisions of mathematics which deal with *space*, and *number*, some small smattering of which is given in schools, we turn to that other division which deals with *force*, of which even a smattering is scarcely ever given, we meet with another large class of activities which this science presides over. On the application of rational mechanics depends the success of nearly all modern manufacture. The properties of the lever, the wheel and axle, &c., are involved in every machine—every machine is a solidified mechanical theorem; and to machinery in these times we owe nearly all production. Trace the history of the breakfast-roll. The soil out of which it came was drained with machine-made tiles; the surface was turned over by a machine; the seed was put in by a machine; the wheat was reaped, thrashed, and winnowed by machines; by machinery it was ground and bolted; and had the flour been sent to Gosport, it might have been made into biscuits by a machine. Look round the room in which you sit. If modern, probably the bricks in its walls were machine-made; by machinery the flooring was sawn and planed, the mantel-shelf sawn and polished, the paper-hangings made and printed; the veneer on the table, the turned legs of the chairs, the carpet, the curtains, are all product of machinery. And your clothing—plain, figured, or printed—is it not wholly woven, nay, perhaps even sewed, by machinery? And the volume you are reading—are not its leaves fabricated by one machine and covered with these words by another? Add to which that for the means of distribution over both land and sea, we are similarly indebted. And then let it be remembered that according as the principles of mechanics are well or ill used to these ends, comes success or failure—individual and national. The engineer who misapplies his formulæ for the strength of materials, builds a bridge that breaks down. The manufacturer whose apparatus is badly devised, cannot compete with another whose apparatus wastes less in friction and inertia. The ship-builder adhering to the old model, is outsailed by one who builds on the mechanically-justified wave-line principle. And as the ability of a nation to hold its own against other nations depends on the skilled activity of its units, we see that on such knowledge may turn the national fate. Judge then the worth of mathematics.

Pass next to Physics. Joined with mathematics, it has given us the steam-engine, which does the work of millions of laborers. That section of physics which deals with the laws of heat, has taught us how to economise fuel in our various industries; how to increase the produce of our smelting furnaces by substituting the hot for the cold blast; how to ventilate our mines; how to prevent explosions by using the safety-lamp; and, through the thermometer, how to regulate innumerable processes. That division which has the phenomena of light for its subject, gives eyes to the old and the myopic; aids through the microscope in detecting diseases and adulterations; and by improved lighthouses prevents shipwrecks. Researches in electricity and magnetism have saved incalculable life and property by the compass; have subserved sundry arts by the electrotype; and now, in the telegraph, have supplied us with the agency by which for the future all mercantile transactions will be regulated, political intercourse carried on, and perhaps national quarrels often avoided. While in the details of indoor life, from the improved kitchen-range up to the stereoscope on the drawing-room table, the applications of advanced physics underlie our comforts and gratifications.

Still more numerous are the bearings of Chemistry on those activities by which men obtain the means of living. The bleacher, the dyer, the calico-printer, are severally occupied in processes that are well or ill done according as they do or do not conform to chemical laws. The economical reduction from their ores of copper, tin, zinc, lead, silver, iron, are in a great measure questions of chemistry. Sugar-refining, gas-making, soap-boiling, gunpowder manufacture, are operations all partly chemical; as are also those by which are produced glass and porcelain. Whether the distiller's wort stops at the alcoholic fermentation or passes into the acetous, is a chemical question on which hangs his profit or loss; and the brewer, if his business is sufficiently large, finds it pay to keep a chemist on his premises. Glance through a work on technology, and it becomes at once apparent that there is now scarcely any process in the arts or manufactures over some part of which chemistry does not preside. And then, lastly, we come to the fact that in these times, agriculture, to be profitably carried on, must have like guidance. The analysis of manures and soils; their adaptations to each other; the use of gypsum or other substance for fixing ammonia; the utilization of coprolites; the production of artificial manures—all these are boons of chemistry which it behoves the farmer to acquaint himself with. Be it in the lucifer match, or in disinfected sewage, or in photographs—in bread made without fermentation, or perfumes extracted from refuse, we may perceive that chemistry affects all our industries; and that, by consequence, knowledge of it concerns every one who is directly or indirectly connected with our industries.

Poisons Found in Alcoholic Spirits.—In a communication to the Medical Journal, Dr. Hays states that he has made a somewhat extended series of analytical observations on spirits, and in no case had he found that any deleterious body had been added by manufacturers to distilled liquors. Cases of sudden poisoning by low-priced, common spirits frequently occur, but these are caused by the fusel oil which is produced by the fermentation of mixed grains. Distilled spirits, when allowed to become old, are less deleterious than most of the foreign brandies. In newly-distilled spirits, however, there is a source of great danger, which should be publicly known, as it is of special interest to the medical profession. Of these, Dr. Hays says: "Newly-distilled spirits, of the most common kind, often contain salts of copper, of lead or tin, derived from the condensers in which the vapors are reduced to a fluid form. The quantity of copper salt contained in the bulk usually taken as a draught, is sufficient to produce the minor effects of metallic poisoning; the cumulative character of these poisons may even lead to fatal consequences." In the "old spirits" examined by Dr. Hays, he found that those metallic salts had all deposited to the bottom of the cask. New spirituous liquors and the dregs at the bottom of the cask may, therefore, be considered highly poisonous.



A SHEPHERD OF LES LANDES ON HIS STILTS.

As our Paris correspondent is now relating a story, the scene of which was *Les Landes*, we may appropriately give an engraving of a shepherd of this singular region of country. Les Landes is a maritime department in the south-west of France, and is a country of deep sands and lagunes, which latter, as soon as the dry season sets in, are covered with slime and sand, making so many pitfalls for those who have to cross the country.—These are called *blouses*, and are exceedingly dangerous to strangers.

Man, however, adapts himself, and is so constituted, that he is enabled to do so, to whatever country he may inhabit. In Les Landes, for example, the treacherous *blouses* and the loose sand make it necessary for those who would travel securely to walk upon stilts! For individuals to pass all their out-door life on such contrivances, appears singular enough to us; but use is second nature, and to those accustomed to them, the stilts of Les Landes are no more eccentric than walking-sticks or high-heeled boots. By the aid of stilts, the shepherds of Les Landes are enabled to look after their ill-conditioned flocks with ease and safety. The elevation thus attained gives them, of course, a wider view of their sandy pasture, and prevents their losing sight of their lean and hungry charge. It renders their progress, also, far more rapid, as, with very little exertion on their part, they can walk faster on their wooden supports than a horse at a hard trot! They walk over the prickly bushes, carefully avoid the *blouses*, and save their shoes from filling with the warm, dry sand. They carry with them a long pole, which serves them as a seat, the end being easily stuck into the ground, and the shepherd, crowning the odd tripod, comfortably knits stockings all day long!

The peasants of Les Landes are early accustomed to the use of these stilts, and are very expert in their use. They endure many privations in accommodating themselves to the barren country in which they live, the want of water being the most severe. Their clothing is of the roughest, their food of the coarsest, and their lodgings of the humblest description. The shepherd in the accompanying sketch is a well-dressed fellow in comparison with the appearance of the people generally. A sheepskin is the common attire, and a sheepskin, with a little straw, forms the ordinary bed at night. They are said to be grossly ignorant, and physically and mentally degraded, but nothing better could be expected from the secluded condition in which they have so long remained.

The physical character of Les Landes renders the old mode of travelling by coach and post horses next to impossible; but the railway is effecting a revolution in the country, and establishing direct communication between this locality and other parts of the empire. Civilization, heralded by the shriek of the railway whistle, will rapidly bring about an entire change in Les Landes; new systems of agriculture will be introduced, improvements in all descriptions of industry will take place, the most formidable natural difficulties will be overcome, and the whole condition of the people ameliorated. The conquest of this vast country, the subjugation of the *dunes* and *blouses*, which occupy a thirty-sixth part of the whole French empire, is an "idea" for which French economists would do well to go to war with the sterility of the soil and the ignorance of its peasants.

INSULTING AN AMBASSADOR.

M. De Guines, Ambassador of France at Berlin, had greatly mortified the Prussian nobles, and especially the other foreign Ministers, by the ostentatious pomp which he displayed. Those whose limited means he thus eclipsed longed for some opportunity to wound the vanity of the proud man who daily humbled theirs, and excited their envy.—At this crisis a Russian Ambassador, who was returning home to present at his own Court his newly-married bride, stopped on his way at Berlin. Prince Dolgorouki, the Russian Ambassador there, did the honors of the Russian Court to his countryman, and gave him and his wife a dinner, to which were invited all the *corps diplomatique*. M. De Guines was seated next to the bride. The lady, who had been initiated into all the Court gossips, had enlisted under the banner of the malcontents, and taken upon herself the task of vexing the magnificent Frenchman. She had placed upon her finger a ring, of very exquisite and very curious workmanship, to which she called the attention of her neighbor during the course of the dinner.—As he stooped to examine the jewel, the wearer pressed a spring concealed on the side of the ring within her hand, and jerked a small quantity of water into the eyes of the Ambassador. The ring contained a syringe. The Minister wiped his face, jested good-humoredly on the diminutive little instrument, and thought no more of it. But his fair enemy had not yet accomplished her purpose of mortifying the Ambassador. Having re-filled the squirt, unperceived by him, she called his attention to herself and again discharged the water in his face. M. De Guines looked neither angry nor abashed, but in a serious tone of friendly advice, said to his foolish aggressor,—"Madame, this kind of jest excites laughter the first time; when repeated, it may be excused, especially if proceeding from a lady, as an act of youthful levity; but the third time it would be looked upon as an insult, and you would instantly receive in exchange the glass of water you see before me; of this, Madame, I have the honor to give you notice." Thinking he would not dare to execute his threat, the lady once more filled and emptied the little water-spout at the expense of M. de Guines, who instantly acknowledged and repaid it with the contents of his glass, calmly adding—"I warned you, Madame." The husband took the wisest course, declaring the Ambassador was perfectly justified in thus punishing his wife's unjustifiable rudeness. The lady changed her dress, and the guests were requested to keep silence on the affair; an injunction obeyed as is usual in such cases.

VERY NATURAL.

A man and his wife were seated by the fire. He was intently occupied in reading: she in some domestic cares. At length he raised his eyes from his book, and said—

"It is here stated that Lot's wife looked back towards Sodom, and was converted into a pillar of salt, because she coveted something she had left behind," and added, "I never thought it was for that reason."

His wife very quietly asked,

"What do you suppose induced her to look back, if it was not covetousness?"

He replied, "I always imagined it was curiosity:" and after sitting a moment, he said, "It seems to me that I should have wanted to look back if I had been in her place, should not you?"

"Yes," she replied, "I think I should, especially if I had been told not to do it."

How much human nature, not to say woman's nature, is developed in this remark! It has been questioned whether Eve would ever have thought of eating the fruit of the tree of knowledge if she had not been forbidden to do it.

A Hint for Diners Out.—On one occasion Napoleon invited his staff of the Marshals of France to take dinner with him at two o'clock. The marshals were a few moments late. The Emperor, at the moment the clock struck, sat down to dinner alone.—He was a quick eater, seldom remaining at the table more than ten minutes. At the end of this time his staff appeared, when he rose to meet them, and said, "Messieurs, it is now past dinner, and we will immediately proceed to business." Wherefore the marshals were obliged to spend the entire afternoon in planning a new campaign on empty stomachs.

A LAWYER'S CRITICISM OF SHAKSPEARE.

I own that I never perused my chief favorite, the "Merchant of Venice," without a mixture of melancholy to think that it has so many faults, and in particular that the distress turns chiefly upon embarrassments with which no lawyer can seriously sympathize. There are several striking flaws in this drama. In the first place, Antonio's difficulties arise entirely from his gross oversight in not effecting an insurance upon his various argosies. He should have opened a set of policies at once upon the Rialto, where marine insurance was perfectly well understood, and where the brokers would have got him fifty names in a forenoon to any extent upon ship, freight or cargo, lost or not lost. This prudential step would have given a totally different turn to the whole affair. When he wanted to help Bassanio with three thousand ducats for three months, he could easily have raised the money at four per cent. on the security of an assignment of the policy. Shylock says of him: "Antonio is a good man, yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he has squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors are but men; there be land rats and water rats, water thieves and land thieves—I mean pirates, and then there is the peril of waters, winds and rocks."

Now, these are the very risks which the contract of insurance is intended to cover, as is clearly explained in Marshall and other writers, and as expressed in the following clauses inserted in all politics: "Touching the adventures and perils which the said assurers are contented to bear, and to take upon them this voyage, they are of the seas, men-of-war, fire, enemies, pirates, rovers, thieves, jettisons, etc., barratry of the masters of marines, and of all other perils, losses or misfortunes that have or shall come to the hurt, detriment or damage of the said goods or merchandise, and ship or vessel." With this precaution, Antonio's means would have been no longer in supposition, but in certainty, and as good as hard cash, under deduction, merely, of the premium of insurance. Finally, when intelligence was received of Antonio's argosies being wrecked, it is plain that he might, in these circumstances, have at once abandoned to the underwriters, and claimed for a total loss. It is painful to see so many amiable characters involved in griefs and in difficulties, which this simple and natural expedient would have obviated. My feelings at this reflection are something akin to those of a very susceptible medical friend, who declares that he can never sit out Romeo and Juliet, from the thought that a judicious use of the stomach pump, in the last scene, would remove all the distresses, and make two lovers happy.

THE VILLAGE COQUETTE.

The Village Coquette
Is a dear little pet,
With a form full of grace
And a sweet pretty face.
With eyes ('gainst all odds),
That were ne'er made for clods;
So shining and bright
Like the stars of the night;
And many the hearts
That have felt their keen darts,
And are caught in the net
Of the Village Coquette.

Yet every girl thinks
She's a pert little minx,
And they cannot make out
What the men are about,
That they should be wooing
And billing and cooing,
Neglecting all others,
And vexing their mothers,
Who say with a groan,
'Twixt a sigh and a moan,
"No good e'er came yet
Of a Village Coquette!"

There's the son of the squire,
Who should have look'd higher,
Is making her presents
Of woodcocks and pheasants;
And 'tis said every one
Has been shot by his gun,
While she gives him such smiles,
For which many walk miles,
And when they are slighted
They say, with hopes blighted,
"'Twas for what she could get,
Oh! the artful coquette!"

Yet soon we shall find
That she'll not prove unkind,
But will settle in life
As a good little wife,
And her husband will love
With such truth as to prove,
That though she was thought
To be quite good for nought,
Her detractors were wrong,
For she'll prove before long
That there's good even yet
In the Village Coquette. W. M. W.

The Ruling Passion.—A respectable surgeon in London, making his daily round to see his patients, had occasion to call at a house at Charing cross, where he left his horse to the care of a Jew boy, whom he usually saw in the streets. On coming out of the house he naturally enough expected to find his trusty servant treating himself to a ride; but no—Mordecai knew the use of time and the value of money a little better—he was letting the horse to little boys in the street, a penny a ride to the Horse Guards and back.

Time.—Time takes the buckram out of a man, and the self-sufficiency with which we begin life leaves us as we advance into the deeper waters of existence. John Wesley said:—"When I was young, I was sure of everything; in a few years, having been mistaken a thousand times, I was not half so sure of most things as I was before. At present, I am hardly sure of anything but what God has revealed to man."

VICES OF PROFESSIONAL MEN.

There is one vice that pervades the whole legal fraternity—they have a mania for contradiction. The habit of listening in court to speeches of counsel on the other side, with the sole object of answering them, gives them a knack, which they can't resist making use of on all occasions, of exposing the weakness of any proposition that is put forward. You may generally know a barrister in society by this vice. It is often very disagreeable, and makes people think barristers very bad company; but then every profession has its conversational vice, and on the whole, perhaps, the vices of other professions are worse than that of the bar. If you are content with an empty noodle in society, whose only possible theme of conversation is "shop," you can find plenty of them in the officers of the line. They always manage to get upon the change of quarters, or the new drill, or the last improvements in the rifle, till at last you wish that the rifle had the qualities which a young lady who sat next me once at dinner thought a revolver possessed, namely, always sending the shot revolving back, so as to hit the shooter. For dogmatism the clergy are unapproachable. Their privileges in the pulpit give them the habit of laying down what they like without fear of contradiction.—When they get round the dinner-table they begin in the same style, and get exasperated and overbearing if any one ventures to "doubt" what they say—worse, they set him down as a disreputable character at once if he dares to contradict them. Nothing is finer in the way of intellectual baiting than to set an Old Bailey lawyer upon a D. D. The former keeps his temper perfectly, gets out of the way of all the rushings and buttings, and yet keeps yelping away with effect at the D. D.'s heels, till the latter is fairly beaten by the cur, and gets off the course with his tail between his legs and his temper frizzing up the gray stumps which he calls his hair. I don't mean, of course, to say that every parson, or every officer, shows his professional vice very conspicuously, but they have always a tendency to it; and I never knew an officer yet that I could "warrant sound and never talk shop," or a parson that was "free from vice and never dogmatises at dinner."

QUEEN VICTORIA'S CHILDREN.

At the seaside residence of Queen Victoria, in the Isle of Wight, a large portion of the pleasure-grounds is appropriated to the young Princes and Princesses, who have each a flower and a vegetable garden, green-houses, hot-houses, and forcing frames, nurseries, tool-houses, and even a carpenter's shop.—Here the royal children pass hours of their time. Each is supplied with a set of tools, marked with the name of the owner; and here they work with the enthusiasm of an amateur and the zeal of an Anglo-Saxon.—There is no branch of gardening in which the royal children are not *au fait*.

Moreover, on this juvenile property is a building, the ground floor of which is fitted up as a kitchen, with pantries, closets, dairies, larders—all complete in their arrangements; and here may be seen the young Princesses, arrayed *a la cuisiniere*, floured to the elbows, deep in the mysteries of pastry-making, like a rosy New England girl. Cooking the vegetables from their own gardens, preserving, pickling, baking, sometimes to partake among themselves, or to distribute to the poor of the neighborhood, the results of their handiwork. The Queen is determined that nothing shall remain unlearned by her children; nor are the young people ever happier than during their sojourn at Osborne.

THE SIX DAYS (OR PERIODS) OF CREATION.

Archbishop Usher computed that the earth was called into being on Sunday, the 23d of October, 5,864 years ago, and was completed in its organization on the Friday following. Mr. Phillips, the Professor of Geology at Oxford, infers from the rate at which sediment is now deposited in different waters, that the beds of coal, sandstone, shale, and iron stone in South Wales occupied five hundred thousand years in their accumulation; and applying the same data on a larger scale, he says, "We have the calculated antiquity of the base of the stratified rocks 95,904,000 years.' All these strata, except the very lowest, are replete with fossils, which were at first held to be curious sports of nature, but, after accurate research, are now recognized as vestiges of the innumerable vegetable and animal tribes which occupied land and water during the protracted term of their preparation for the abode of man. New relics of previously unknown species are almost daily discovered, and the whole are so scientifically classed and arranged, that the nature and habits of these mostly extinct races are as clearly discernible as if they were now living and moving before us.

A New Stimulant.—The decoction of the leaves of the coca—a Peruvian Erythoxylon, recently introduced into Europe, is exciting attention as possessing a peculiar stimulating power, and favoring digestion more than any other beverage. These leaves, chewed in moderate doses of from four to six grains excite the nervous system, and enable those who use them to make great muscular exertion, and to resist the effect of an unhealthy climate, imparting a sense of cheerfulness and happiness. In larger doses coca would occasion fever, hallucinations, delirium. Its exciting power over the heart is twice that of coffee, four times that of tea. It has no equal in its power of stimulation in cases of forced abstinence. Dr. Mantegazza, of Milan, states that, although he has a weak constitution, he has been enabled, by the use of coca, to follow his usual studies uninterruptedly for forty hours, without taking any other aliment but two ounces of coca chewed during that time. He adds that he felt no fatigue after this experiment. The Indians of Boliva and Peru travel four days at a time without taking food, their only provision consisting in a little bag of coca. It is regularly administered to the men who work in the silver mines, and who, without it, could not resist the hard labor and bad diet to which they are subjected.

THE DYING TO HIS BETROTHED.

"Most blessed things come silently,
And silently depart;"
So came God's angel yesternight,
And breathed upon my heart.
All through the torturing hours of day
I raved in dark despair:
Our trysting hill was far away,
And thou alone wert there!

The dewy flowers in beauty lay,
And gave their odors rare,—
The breezes dallied with the leaves,
And tossed thy floating hair;
I knew it all as here I lay,
Unmanned by fever's blight,
For torturing thoughts, within my brain,
Were fiercer than its might.

But God be blessed, their rage is past,
The clouds are rolling by,
And heaven's sweet love, in sunniest light,
Now beams upon mine eye;
My brow, which darkened like a pall,
Now glows in Spring's soft light,—
I see the golden hills of morn
Beyond the dusky night!

Be brave, my own—between us now
Is laid our Father's hand;
His heart, so mighty in its love,
Our holiest joy hath planned.
Oh, not beneath *earth's* fading sky
Our trysting next shall be,
But in that clime which knows no blight,
There shall I wait for thee!

Our love is blessed love, which soars
To native skies away;
Drear storms there are in airs of earth,
And lightning's lurid play,
And heavy cares to clog its wings,
And doubts, and strifes and fears;
Its snowy plumes might droop and trail,
Weighed down by falling tears.

To realms where I shall go, my love,
I'll bear thee in my heart;
Of all the joys and duties there,
Thou'lt be the dearest part.
The flowers which thou on earth dost love,
In heaven shall be *my* choice;
And, 'midst the singing souls above,
I'll list, to catch thy voice!

The pearly gates are gleaming now,
Sweet voices call me on;
I bid thee to a trysting, love,
When life's few years are gone;
Then each, within the other's eyes,
In God's white light shall see
The *work which time for thee hath done,*
Eternity for me.

THE RULING PASSION.

OR, STRUGGLE AND TRIUMPH.

BY EDWINA BURBURY,

AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE SACKVILLE,"

ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

> *Iago.*—Oh beware, my lord, of jealousy;
> It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock
> The meat it feeds on.
> But, oh! what damned minutes tells he o'er
> Who dotes, yet doubts—suspects, yet strongly loves.—*Othello.*

"Dear, dear Julia! when will you have done scribbling? Really, one would think you were writing a novel."

"Ah, yes! Well—I beg your pardon, mamma—did you speak?"

"Yes, half a dozen times over. When will you have done writing?"

"In a moment."

And again she bent over her desk, while scratch, scratch, scratch went the gold and gem-handled pen over the thick ivory paper.

"Julia, you are incorrigible. Don't you hear me?"

"Yes—no. Wait a minute—I shall have done directly."

She put aside one tiny sheet half-filled, then took another, upon which she wrote slowly and deliberately.

From her manner, you would have supposed that her whole mind was bent upon, and occupied by, her work; but, in truth, she was as indifferent to it, as to her mother's wishes. Every thought was running upon George Conyers and her cousin.

"No," she said to herself, while, unheeding what she wrote, her hand passed mechanically over the paper. "I am the fool of my own fears. He does not love her—he cannot—*he shall not!* It may be that *she* loves *him*; but *he*—No, no! that shall never, never be. (In a minute, mamma—I shall be ready in a minute). He will be here to-night, and then I shall see. I will watch them, as woman never watched before; and if I find but the faintest shadow of reality in my fears, and that he does love, admire her, but the very least—then—ah, then!"—and she drew her breath hard, and the pen stopped—"then I will revenge myself as (Wait until I have finished this side)—yes, he shall find what it is to arouse the lion—to set me at naught—to slight me for her! (Yes, mamma, you are quite right.)"

"About what? Upon my word, Julia, I think you must be demented!" (This was the first sentence which penetrated the writer's mind.) "I asked if you had any idea how the time was running on, and you answer that I am quite right."

"I beg your pardon—I did not understand. It is nearly seven o'clock, I think."

"So late! And I have been waiting to speak to you ever since half-past six. The first bell will ring directly."

"I am very sorry. I have only to seal my letter, and then I shall be at your service.—There—it's done! Now I am ready."

"I want to know what passed between you and the Count yesterday?"

"The Count—yesterday! What do you mean?"

"What I say. What passed between you and the Count yesterday?"

"Who told you anything about it?"

"A little bird. Come, now, Julia, you may as well be frank, and confess."

"What—confess what?"

"All that took place. It's very well to be bashful and shy about these things—very pretty and very becoming with strangers, but very unnecessary with me."

"I know it, and assure you that you give me credit for more hypocrisy than I possess. I do not affect bashfulness with you, or any one else; least of all on the subject of Count Orsini."

"On the *subject* of Count Orsini, no; but *with* him."

"I don't understand."

"*Won't*, you mean. Why, if you were not playing at bashfulness, did you refuse a coronet?"

"Why, because the coronet had an unpleasant encumbrance attached to it."

"Absurd—childish!"

"It may be—nevertheless it is true. Nor is this the first time I have told you so."

"I know it; but I thought you had got over all that folly, and were prepared to act like a wise and rational woman."

"In other words, sell myself to a man I hate—an ignorant, dictatorial—"

"Ignorant?"

"Yes, ignorant. It is not two days since that he told me the Hall of Lions was the most beautiful part of the Vatican."

"And what then? It is quite possible for the most erudite person to make an occasional mistake."

"Quite; but not so gross a one as that, and upon the subject of a place with which he professes to be so well acquainted. Do you know, I begin to believe that he and his estates are all a sham."

"And is that the secret of your refusal?"

"One of them, yes."

"Then you are a simpleton."

Julia bowed.

"How could it be possible, do you think, for him to carry on such a deception?"

"I really don't know—I am not clever at such things. I only know that I suspect him."

"And so will risk losing a substance for fear of a shadow."

"Not so; there is no substance in the matter. I have held a light to it so carefully, that I have satisfied myself it is *all* shadow, as unreal as the mirage of the desert."

"You have become exceedingly poetical of late," said Lady Shirley, with a sneer. "I am afraid that George Conyers, or your cousin, has been teaching you some of their maudlin nonsense."

Julia started and bit her lip.

To hear those two names coupled together, even in contempt, was anguish to her, and she answered,

"I didn't know Mr. Conyers was capable of teaching me anything, although your dislike to him is as unjust as your admiration of—"

"His rival. Come, come, Julia, this won't do! Young Conyers is well enough in his place, and I do not object to a little harmless flirtation now and then, but he is not a proper person for it, with you. He is a good, exemplary, hard-working fellow, I dare say, but quite out of your sphere?"

"My sphere? And where is that? Among the stars? But this is folly. Don't quarrel with phantoms, mother; we have left their region, and have quite enough subjects of discord between us, without conjuring up another. Mr. Conyers is nothing to me, or I to him."

"I am glad of it. Had it been otherwise, I should have requested old Mr. Conyers to despatch his son at once to London, and have taken you myself to Italy."

The girl's breath came fast, and she felt her color rise; but she conquered the impulse to answer rashly, and said only,

"There is no occasion for such violent measures at present. When it does arise, they will be necessary on Beatrice's account, not mine."

"Beatrice! Nay, that is absurd. Pray confine your speculations about her to a circle much nearer home."

"How?"

"Is it possible you have not observed the perfect understanding which exists between her and William—established in a wonderfully short time, I must confess, but perfect, nevertheless."

"Indeed! I certainly had not observed it. I only hope you are right."

"I am sure I am. I never saw two people more thoroughly in love; though it is love at first sight, with a vengeance!"

"Thank God!" murmured Julia, fervently, below her breath.

"What?"

"Nothing. I only sighed. What a lovely afternoon it has been!"

And she rose and went to the window, a strange expression of relief brightening her features.

"Yes, it has been a fine season altogether, although we do not see it here in the same perfection we did at Cliff Castle."

"Cliff Castle! Pray, mother, talk no more of that place. If you did but know how I hate it, and its owner, you really would refrain from such constant reference to them."

"Under existing circumstances, I do not see how that would be possible or right."

"It must be, if I am to remain here. Look, mother,"—and she turned sharply round—"it is high time you should understand me, if you do not do so already. Under some circumstances I might consent to sell myself, soul and body, for rank, wealth or position; but the purchase-money must be *assured* to me; there must be no possibility of mistake or deception. That for which I give up love, honor, truth, faith—all that honest women covet—must be safe, real, visible, tangible. I stir not one step upon speculation. When I am *sure* that this Count is what he professes to be, then I will think about him, and not before."

"And then it will be too late. It was but yesterday that he announced his intention of leaving England directly, for Italy."

"In that case I shall have plenty of time for consideration and investigation during his absence."

"Both would be needless. Do you suppose he will return as he goes—remain constant to a girl who treats him as you have done? No, indeed! He is far more likely to forget your very name, and bring back some noble Italian bride of his own rank, if he is not too much disgusted with the specimen you have given him of English manners and society, to return at all."

"Heaven send it! If, from any reason whatever, I have influence enough over his lordship to keep him out of England, I shall deserve well of my countrymen and women; and as for his *love*, if it won't stand the test of a journey, he's welcome to take it where he likes."

"And so doom you to wear the willow branch? Nay, Julia, that won't do. No girl likes to be cast off—least of all, one who has to make her way in the world."

"I dare say not. It cannot be a pleasant position to find oneself in; but I scarcely think I shall ever be qualified to give an opinion upon the matter; certainly not in this case, since I am the rejecter, not the rejected."

"It is all very well to say so, but you have to make other people believe it."

"They may believe or not, just as they like; it is perfectly immaterial to me."

"You *talk* bravely."

"I feel so—or, what does as well in this instance, am *indifferent*. I detest and despise the man, and care not who knows it."

"That would not be worth while, *for you will marry him.*"

"Yes, 'when two Sundays come together.'"

"Before then—before this day two months."

"Never. But now, as we seem working round to the same point again, ringing the changes on this one everlasting theme, you must excuse me if I break up the conference and enjoy a stroll before dinner." And drawing a shawl over her light dress, Julia stepped through the low window upon the terrace.

"Julia, Julia," cried her mother, "you must not go; I want you. Come back."

But she called in vain. Miss Shirley only shook her head, and walked on.

More by accident than design, she turned her steps in the direction of that private walk into the high road which led through the Rosery, and at the end of which Beatrice, upon the first day of her arrival at Shirley, had met Lucy Milward.

It was a path commonly used by George Conyers in his visits to the Court, and here more than once Julia had met him. It might be, therefore, that some half-formed hope that she might do so this evening led her to choose this walk now; and certain it is, that, notwithstanding all the objects of interest by which she was surrounded, not one attracted her attention for a moment; for see, hear, what she might, she could think of nothing but George.

And far from satisfactory her meditations were.

Deeply as she loved the handsome barrister, and well assured as she was of the superiority of her charms over those of her cousin, Julia could not repress a strong feeling of jealous alarm when she reflected upon the manner of each to the other.

True, his to her might mean nothing—(and as for hers to him, what matter what that meant?)—but it might; he might be captivated by her greater wealth, her newer face. And if so—if he were false, base enough to take advantage of his freedom from *spoken* pledges of love to herself, regardless of the language his eyes had uttered a thousand times—why, then, a fearful day was coming to them all.

But it could not be—it should not! Surely, the might of her love, the power of her will, could master, subdue this one heart! And for her rival?

She bit her lip at the thought until the white teeth were reddened, her eyes flashed, and her fingers worked nervously, as they interlaced each other; while she muttered, half aloud,

"I cannot bear this—the very suspicion drives me mad! I will know the truth; and then—and then—"

She said no more; her thoughts were a tempest, wild, terrible, hideous—so that, even to herself, she dared not to shape them into words; and making a powerful effort to dismiss them from her mind, she turned into the Rosery, and tried to busy herself with the flowers.

For a little time she succeeded; the calm was so profound, the fragrance so soothing, and the sweet birds' voices so eloquent of peace, that even Julia Shirley's stormy mood was for a time subdued. But, by-and-by, the deathless spirit of mistrust awoke again, and she became restless and uneasy.

Twilight had come—the dinner hour was fast approaching—yet George had not passed. Could he have gone by another road, and be even now with Beatrice? Had her over-anxiety to meet him defeated its own object?

The idea was intolerable; and impelled by it, she turned to leave the spot, when at the same instant a faint sound, evidently in greeting, fell upon her ear.

The sound increased, footsteps became audible on the crisp ground; and urged by instinct rather than deliberation, Julia concealed herself behind a large arbutus.

A minute after, and the speakers were parallel with her, but completely hidden by the thick foliage of the shrubs.

Little need, however, was there of sight when her other senses told the miserable listener so terribly, who her neighbors were!

For a minute the girl's heart beat so fast that she could not distinguish a word of the conversation going on beside her; but the sudden weakness was quickly mastered, and she heard a well-known voice say in low, deep accents,

"Fate was indeed my friend, when she led me to chose this path to-night!"

"I thought you always used it."

"Did you? And is that the cause—Ah, Miss Lyle, dare I hope all those generous words might warrant? Nay, do not hasten your steps. Suffer me to speak to you—to avow in words the love, which every action must have betrayed—to tell you—"

"Oh, no, no; you must not! I dare not—cannot listen!"

"Dare not! Who shall prevent it? Only say that your own will is not the obstacle, and mine be the task to clear away all others."

"Impossible!" answered Beatrice, in a whisper so faint that George was obliged to bend low to catch it—"impossible!"

"And yet"—in a pleading tone—"you sought me?"

"I did, to claim—"

"What? Oh, do not hesitate! Speak frankly; and if indeed you need service at my hands, be as sure that you will have it faithfully rendered, as if heaven's angels stood by to guarantee my truth and my fidelity!"

"Their pledge would not be needed."

"You trust me, then?"

"As I would heaven!"

"Then heaven bless you! But ah, do not take your hand away—suffer me to hold it one moment! Add to this boon one greater, more precious still: permission to love you—to win your love!"

"You have known me so short a time."

"Have I? The days may have been few, but have not the events been many? Lives are not measured by years, but deeds; and I have seen enough of yours, to understand the nature and the life of which they are but samples."

"I fear you are more kind than just. I do not deserve so high an opinion."

"No? Who does, then? Has not your whole existence, since first I saw you, been passed in acts of tenderness, generosity, patience, courage, and self-denial? Were not the very first words I ever heard you utter entreaties for mercy to the wretched—pleadings with that scoundrel Orsini on behalf of his unhappy servant?"

"Oh, that was nothing! Anybody would have spoken them."

"How was it, then, nobody did?—that you, a stranger, in a room of strangers, dared, in the cause of suffering, to do what none of us did?"

"It was very bold and very useless. I do hope, however, those poor creatures are safe now, and out of the Count's power. He is a fearful man. Would that I had never seen him."

"Has anything fresh arisen?"

"No—but—"

"What? There *is* something! Tell me—trust me! Oh, Beatrice, why will you not end this thraldom at once, by giving me the right to protect you from insult and suffering—to shield you against the malice and tyranny of the whole world! Only grant me that, and woe to him who causes you even a sigh! Nay, do not turn away. Speak to me—one word."

"What can I say?"

"That I may love you—that you—"

"Oh, say no more—pray, pray do not! I must have time to think. This is so sudden—so—"

"What, dearest? Surely you are not taken by surprise! It was not left for this moment to assure you of my love: you must have seen, known it from the first. Be generous, then, and speak the word for which I ask you."

"No,—no—I cannot."

"You can—you must: or if you will not, leave but this dear hand in mine, and I will read your answer in the act."

"Hark! hark!—there is the dinner-bell. I shall me missed."

"No matter; let me take you back, and tell your uncle that I have a right to do so."

"Oh, no—no! Let me go—release my hand. I dare not stay!"

"Nor will I ask you to do so a moment longer than you have spoken the priceless word for which I sue. Oh, Beatrice, beloved, take counsel of your own heart, and suffer it to speak frankly!"

"You are cruel—very cruel! What is it you want?"

"That you would say, 'I love you.'"

She murmured some indistinct reply, was caught to her lover's heart, released after one long, passionate embrace; and then, his arm still round her, they walked quietly towards the house, her last audible words being,

"I will tell you to-morrow."

A minute's pause until the footsteps died away, and then from behind the tall arbutus emerged a figure so tremulous, so changed in its haughty bearing, that few looking on it would have recognized the brilliant Julia Shirley. She moved slowly, trembling in every limb, her arms hanging nervelessly at her side—the immensity of the shock she had just received, seeming to have stunned her. Suddenly she started; the glitter of an ornament upon the path caught her eye, and bending forward eagerly, she recognized a beautiful medallion bracelet greatly prized by her cousin, and which she had evidently dropped from her arm and not missed.

The sight of the pretty bauble appeared to restore life and energy to the beholder, and with a countenance upon which every evil passion of her soul was painted, she caught up the trinket, dashed it violently upon the ground, and then set her foot heavily upon it, crushing, grinding it into the earth, saying, with bitter, deliberate hatred,

"Thus, thus may she perish to whom this belongs! Thus may she be crushed, body and soul; and when wrecked, deceived, deserted, broken, she cries for pity, may I be there to see and laugh as I do now—to repeat the stolen vows of this night, and gloat over their falsehood! *For from this hour I dedicate my life to revenge—I devote myself to her ruin! Never, never shall she be his; or if she is—if in this, Fate is too strong for me—the hour that sees her so, sees her die!* And for him, heartless traitor as he is, would I could hate him as he deserves; but it is vain. Even now, base as I know him to be, I would lay down my life gladly, so I could win his love—hear but one of those words, feel one of those caresses which she has stolen from me! But I will have them yet. Once remove her from his sight—arouse his jealousy and suspicion—make him believe her worthless,—and the rest will be easy in my own hands. Now I must go back, and, like the cobra, look smooth, and bright, and innocent, *till I spring!*"

And then, once more, with a gesture of contemptuous hate, the speaker ground the bracelet into the stones, spurned the fragments with her foot, and walked on.

Meanwhile the moonless night came down upon the earth, thick and dark as a pall; but right before the plotter as she went, from the very centre of the murky heavens, looked down one pale, bright star; and of all the sin its sleepless eye watched that night, not one bore promise of a sadder end than that which now germinated in Julia Shirley's mind.

* * * * * * * * *

Some hours later, Beatrice sat in her room alone, happy—oh, so happy; her head resting upon her hand, her soft eyes fixed upon the floor; not thinking—she was not sufficiently collected for that—but wrapped in a reverie of intense bliss, such as she had never felt before, and alas! might never feel again.

Perfect happiness and perfect peace were depicted upon every feature of her face, when, scarcely waiting for an answer to her knock, Julia Shirley entered.

They had not met at dinner, for the young orphan, taking advantage of a headache, pleaded early in the day as an excuse for solitude, had declined to join the party, and her cousin now came with the convenient plea of inquiry.

"Better—much better!" she answered, lifting her glowing countenance to the cold eyes which looked down so hatefully upon her.—"But you are not well yourself—I am sure you are not!"

"No, my head aches,"—and she pressed it with her hand, until the red finger and ring marks were left painfully visible upon her brow.

"I see it does. Can I get you anything? Sit here!" And Beatrice sprang from her seat, and drawing a luxurious bergere forward, arranged the cushions in the most comfortable position.

"Thank you," replied Julia, seating herself wearily. "This is very nice. But is not your room cold?"—and she shuddered, drawing her wrapper closer round her.

"Is it? I thought it was warm. I feel it so. Shall I close the windows? I left them open to watch the moon rise."

"No, no, not on my account."

"Yes, but I will, if you would like it better." And she went towards them, saying, "What a lovely night! How the moon silvers those trees!"

"Does it? I hate the moon."

"Julia!"

"It is true; and so would you, if you were not of too happy a nature to hate anything."

"But are not you happy, too?"

"No, and never shall be."

"Why, is anything the matter—anything that I could help you in?"—and the affectionate girl, forgetting all that had passed at various times—all her cousin's unkindness—came quickly from the window, and kneeling upon a small ottoman at her feet, took her hand.

The touch sent a thrill through Julia's heart, chilling her like ice. Fain would she have cast it off, and poured out all the bitter, hating, cruel words which rose to her lips; but frank, truthful speaking, even of evil, was not her nature, nor could it have served her purpose now; and so she controlled the impulse that would have led her to spurn poor Beatrice from her, and answered the last question almost as affectionately as it was asked.

"Can I help or comfort you, dear Julia?"

"No, although you would if you could, I do believe; would you not?"

"Indeed I would. Try me."

"No, no; to make you a confidante of my troubles would only embarrass you; and beyond the selfish relief of having some one to talk to on the subject, would not help me. You must not tempt me."

"*Is* talking a relief?"

"Sometimes."

"Then, why, dearest, if you feel it so, and will not talk to me, will you not to my aunt?"

"Mamma! The very person on all the earth whom I most dread! Impossible! Why, the barest suspicion of my secret would drive her mad."

"Is it so terrible?"

"No; the thing has been heard of before. I am not alone in my iniquity."

"Iniquity! Oh, Julia, how can you talk and laugh so bitterly? You frighten me."

"Do I? A pretty confidante you would make! If the *idea* of my crime alarms you, what would the reality do?"

"Reassure me; for notwithstanding all you say, I am certain your secret—if, indeed, you have one, and are not amusing yourself with my credulity—is of no greater consequence than a jeweler or milliner's bill rather heavier than usual."

"And you think that would make me unhappy? No; not if I owed ten thousand pounds, and had not ten sous to pay with."

"You are indifferent to the happiness of other people, then?"

"Yes, unless mine depends upon them; and then—oh, then I could die!"

"Is not that selfish?"

"Of course—when was love otherwise?"

"Love?"

"Ay—is there anything so wonderful in my having a lover?"

"Oh, no; of course not. But is that your secret—that the cause of your unhappiness? Why, Julia, dear,"—and the listener broke into a merry laugh,—"do you think the state of your heart is really a secret—that we have all been blind and deaf to the Count's attentions?"

"Pshaw! and do you imagine—wrong me so utterly, so intensely, as to suppose I love *him?* Oh, if I did, there would be no need of secrecy; they would all be too glad, too overjoyed to hear it! My mother—my *dear* mother—would kneel at my feet for rapture at the news!"

"Not the Count? Oh, how glad I am!—But if it is not he, who is it then? Any one I know?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"Guess."

"I cannot. I know so few of your friends."

"You know him."

"Captain Lester? Sir William Gascoigne? Mr. Beauchamp? Mr. de Visme?"

"No! One you know far better than any of those," said Julia.

"Indeed! I must be very stupid! Tell me!"

"Dare I?"

"Surely you cannot doubt my faith!"

"No—I believe in it—I trust it. Chiefly, too, perhaps, because George and I are both objects of such indifference, and you—"

"George?"

"Ah! I have betrayed myself! Well, I am not sorry; but you will be more guarded; you will not betray me to him?"

"Of course not; but as yet I know not even his name. George! There are a thousand Georges. George what?"

Despite her careless words, Beatrice's voice, uttering the well-loved name, and instinct with a vague, sick fear of she knew not what, was tremulous. Her base and cruel foe saw it, and triumphed.

"Yes, there are a thousand Georges, but only one in the whole world to me—George Conyers."

"Who—who?" cried Beatrice, becoming deathly pale, and with difficulty suppressing a scream, as she caught the arm of her cousin's chair for support. "Who?"

"Mr. Conyers. Do not you like him?"

"Mr. Conyers! And is it he—is this—"

She paused, unable to proceed.

Julia took up the word, and answered,

"My secret? Yes. Do you disapprove it? think my love ill-bestowed?"

"Your love! You love *him!* Ah, heaven! And *he?*"

"He loves me even better than I do him, if that is possible!"

"I don't believe it—I don't believe it! You are deceiving me—speaking falsely, Julia. I don't know why or wherefore, but I feel, I know you are."

And she sprang up, every limb and feature quivering with excitement.

For one moment, terror, the abject terror of discovery, silenced Julia; her heart beat so fast and thickly that she could not speak; but ere Beatrice was sufficiently calmed to observe it, she had recovered her self-possession, and answered, with well-feigned indignation—

"Speaking falsely—deceiving you? What do you mean?"

"I don't know—I don't know!"

"I should think not; although, indeed, Beatrice, *if we are to continue friends*, I would advise you to know, *and* to think, before you speak in this way again."

"Yes; but are you sure—"

"Of what? Of what I have been simple enough to betray to you? Of course! Do you think it would be possible to make mistakes on such a subject? Really, Beatrice, if I were of a suspicious nature, I should be inclined to believe that you were in love with Mr. Conyers yourself."

"I! Ah, heaven help me!" said the poor girl, with a burst of agony, dropping her head suddenly on her hands; then, after an instant's pause, lifting it bravely, and exclaiming, "No, no! you *are* wrong—I do *not* believe it! He is not—he dare not be such a villain!"

"As what? Upon my word, Beatrice, I do think you are insane this evening! What is there in the fact of George Conyers' love for me that should make him a villain?"

"Nothing—nothing; only"—and upon her lips trembled the whole story of his avowed love for herself; but ere it was spoken, memory and caution returned, and she restrained the impulse to avow all, simply saying, in a low, sad voice, "only that I believed—I thought his attentions pointed towards a very different person."

"Yourself! Ha, ha, ha!" and what was meant for a derisive laugh, was a very forced, uncertain one. "And so you fancied you were the attraction! Poor girl, it is a disappointment; no wonder you are annoyed."

"Annoyed?"

"Well, indignant, then. It was too bad leading you astray in this manner; but men are such flirts. I'm sure if I had suspected, dreamed that my confidence would affect you thus, I would not have uttered a syllable, much as I crave for sympathy."

"You need not regret it. It is always best to know and speak the truth."

"Yes; but not if it gives others pain, as mine has given you."

"Even then, and especially so in cases such as these. I confess that Mr. Conyers has paid me attention, and I thought that—that he did care somewhat for me; but if you are right, I am wrong; only I should like—I ought to hear more. Tell me everything."

But this Julia was not disposed to do.

Reckless as she was, she was yet fearful of committing herself too far—entering too dangerously into particulars; and so she paused and hesitated until Beatrice, looking up surprisedly, repeated her question, and then she said, "I have not much to tell, only the old tale—love and difficulties. George and I have been attached to each other for years, but as yet I have not dared to confess it to mamma (whose heart unfortunately is now bent upon marrying me to Count Orsini); and indeed we thought it best to be silent until he got some advancement in his profession, when we should have more courage to speak. But in the meantime I am wretched. I hate the secrecy, the hypocrisy, the deceit. I have no friend in whom I dare confide; and the constant anxiety and discomfort makes me fretful and ill-tempered. Besides, now I have begun, I may as well tell you all. I have had another cause for disquiet lately. I have thought that he has been rather more attentive to you than is right or compatible with his engagement to me."

"You have? Thank heaven! then I have not been altogether deceived."

"Certainly not. I exonerate you entirely. You have not been to blame, although he has; for he had no right in the world to divert suspicion from us at your cost."

"Ha!" and she drew her breath hissingly between her teeth—"then I have been made a tool of?"

"No, no—not so bad as that; but it is a great mercy the truth has come out now, and that you have known him too short a time to love him—to suffer for his recklessness."

"Love is not a question of time," said the orphan, unconsciously quoting the words of Andrea.

"True; but you are not Juliet, nor he Romeo; and it is not natural that you, who were till so very, very lately, a stranger to him even by name, should love him as I do, who have known him all my life."

"Perhaps not; but God only knows. May He help and guide us both."

"We need it. I especially."

"We both do; for indeed, Julia, notwithstanding all you say, all that ought to be, I do still believe—"

"That he loves you? that he is false to me? No, no!"—and her eyes blazed with sudden fury at the discovery of how little way she had made—"you are wrong. He may have been captivated for a moment by your face and manner, but his heart, his faith, his very soul, are mine."

"Give me proof—proof—real, actual proof. I have a right to it. Have you no letter, no note, no anything that cannot speak, and therefore cannot deceive?"

"Yes, I have many: they are here;" and she drew two pale, rose-hued billets from her bosom, but hesitated a moment ere she delivered them into her cousin's hand, demanding rather nervously, "You know Mr. Conyers' hand, of course?"

"No,"—with an effort at composure; "but it does not matter."

A gleam of satisfaction spread over the traitress's pale cheek, as, relieved on this important point, she handed the letters to Beatrice, saying, "No; it is of no consequence, of course. You will not doubt my word, or the internal evidence of the letters themselves."

Beatrice bowed, she could not speak, but riveted her eyes upon the bold, manly characters traced upon the pink paper which Julia extended towards her. At another time her prejudices would have been shocked by the effeminate color of the notes, but now her whole heart and mind were absorbed in the agony of the sharp trial so suddenly come upon her. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

These mountains have been the theme of many interesting descriptions, but those who have seen only mountains like the Alleghanies, and other regular ranges, can have but a very imperfect idea of the Rocky Mountains. The base of this immense chain of mountains is so wide, and the ascent so gentle and gradual, that the *mountains* are only discernible to the traveller in comparatively low and detached ranges of ridges and spurs. Their height does not strike the beholder with any degree of surprise, but he experiences rather a feeling of disappointment. He expected to see immense regular chains of mountains, towering in the clouds, and, like a great wall, shutting out all the world behind.

The great bulk of the Rocky Mountains, as a chain or system, does not consist so much in the sudden and precipitous hills called mountains, as in the gradual uprising of the whole country for hundreds of miles in breadth; and the spurs, ridges and peaks, would seem to be but the accidental outcropping or upheaving of this immense earth swell at its summit. The general altitude is supposed to be from ten to twelve thousand feet above the ocean, and to this must be added the height of the ridges, spurs and peaks, which range from five hundred to over three thousand feet higher. These mountains form a vast chain, called the back-bone of America, and they are said, under various names, to extend from the northern to the southern extremities of the continent of North and South America; and, in this aspect, they are the longest chain of mountains in the world.

The South Pass is a remarkable depression or plateau between the southern extremity of the Wind river range and the Sweet Water Mountains. This Pass is more like a gently rising plain than a mountain summit. The traveller in crossing it is not aware, from anything he can see, that it forms any part or portion of a mountain at all; nor could he imagine from the appearance of the surrounding country, that he was on or anyways near a mountain.

The Rocky Mountains, in their general appearance, are wretched, barren, rocky, jagged looking spurs and peaks; there is no verdure and no timber seen in their broken, storm-beaten sides, except occasionally miserable, ragged, stunted looking cedars. Though in the gorges and passes of some of the ranges, especially in the Black Hills and in the southern range, there are found great quantities of excellent pine timber. But in their general features, they are rocky, barren hills, which look as though they had been suddenly upheaved from the bowels of the earth thousands of years ago by some terrific volcanic eruption, whose work was still unfinished.

NEW MODE OF GRAFTING.—The French are practicing a new method of grafting, a knowledge of which may prove valuable to American horticulturists, inasmuch as it can be performed at any season of the year when sound, mature buds can be had, whether the sap is in a flowing state or not. It is performed by removing a small piece of bark and wood, leaving a smooth and flat surface, to which a similar piece containing the bud, which is to form the future tree, is fitted, which is sealed over immediately with collodion. This forms a strong, impervious cuticle, which secures a free circulation of sap on the approach of warm weather, and a perfect union of the parts.

THE TENNESSEE ELECTION.—The returns are still meagre, but the indications are that the Union candidates have an aggregate majority of over 50,000, and that the question of calling a Convention is negatived by probably 20,000 majority. As far as heard from, two secessionists have been elected.

THE PRESIDENT ELECT.

Mr. Lincoln, on his route to Washington, has been received by immense crowds, great acclamations, &c. The following speeches are the most important ones he has made. The first is that on leaving home—the second given at Indianapolis, and is a full and accurate report:—

SPEECH AT SPRINGFIELD.

MY FRIENDS:—No one, not in my position, can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. To the people I owe all that I am. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century; here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty devolves upon me which is, perhaps, greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him, and in the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support. I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain. Again, I bid you all an affectionate farewell. [Loud applause, and cries of "We will pray for you."]

SPEECH AT INDIANAPOLIS.

Fellow-Citizens of the State of Indiana:—I am here to thank you for this magnificent welcome, and still more for the very generous support given by your State to that political cause which I think is the true and just cause of the whole country and the whole world. Solomon says, "There is a time to keep silence," and when men wrangle by the month with no certainty that they mean the same thing while using the same word, it perhaps were as well if they would keep silence. The words "coercion" and "invasion" are much used in these days, and often with some temper and hot blood. Let us make sure, if we can, that we do not misunderstand the meaning of those who use them. Let us get the exact definitions of these words, not from dictionaries, but from the men themselves, who certainly deprecate the things they would represent by the use of the words. What, then, is "coercion?" What is "invasion?" Would the marching of an army into South Carolina, without the consent of her people, and with hostile intent toward them be invasion? I certainly think it would be "coercion" also, if the South Carolinians were forced to submit. But if the United States should merely hold and retake its own forts and other property, and collect the duties on foreign importations, or even withhold the mails from places where they were habitually violated, would any or all these things be "invasion" or "coercion?" Do our professed lovers of the Union, but who spitefully resolve that they will resist coercion and invasion, understand that such things as these on the part of the United States would be the coercion or invasion of a State? If so, their idea of means to preserve the object of their great affection would seem to be exceedingly thin and airy. If sick, the little pills of the homœpathist would be much too large for them to swallow. In their view, the Union, as a family relation, would seem to be no regular marriage, but rather a sort of free-love arrangement, to be maintained by passional attraction. By the way, in what consists the special sacredness of a State? I speak not of the position assigned to a State in the Union by the Constitution, for that by the bond we all recognize. That position, however, a State cannot carry out of the Union with it. I speak of that assumed primary right of a State to rule all which is less than itself, and to ruin all which is larger than itself. If a State and a county, in a given case, should be equal in extent of territory, and equal in number of inhabitants, in what, as a matter of principle, is the State better than the county? Would an exchange of names be an exchange of rights? Upon what principle, on what rightful principle, may a State, being no more than one-fiftieth part of the nation in soil and population, break up the nation and then coerce a proportionably larger subdivision of itself in the most arbitrary way? What mysterious right to play tyrant is conferred on a district of country with its people by merely calling it a State? Fellow-citizens, I am not asserting anything. I am merely asking questions for you to consider. And now allow me to bid you farewell.

SPEECH OF MR. LINCOLN AT CINCINNATI—HE ADDRESSES HIMSELF TO THE KENTUCKIANS.

I have spoken but once before this in Cincinnati. That was a year previous to the late Presidential election. On that occasion, in a playful manner, but with sincere words, I addressed much of what I said to the Kentuckians. I gave my opinion that we, as Republicans, would ultimately beat them as Democrats, but that they could postpone that result longer by nominating Senator Douglas for the Presidency, than they could in any other way. They did not, in any true sense of the word, nominate Mr. Douglas, and the result has come, certainly as soon as ever I expected it.

I also told them how I expected they would be treated after they should have been beaten, and I now wish to call their attention to what I then said:—

"When we do, as we say we will, beat you, you, perhaps, want to know what we will do with you. I will tell you, so far as I am authorized to speak for the opposition, what we mean to do with you. We mean to treat you as near as we possibly can as Washington, Jefferson and Madison treated you. We mean to leave you alone, and in no way to interfere with your institutions—to abide by all and every compromise of the Constitution. In a word—coming back to the original proposition—to treat you, so far as degenerate men—if we have degenerated—may, according to the example of those noble fathers, Washington, Jefferson and Madison. We mean to remember that you are as good as we; that there is no difference between us, other than the difference of circumstances. We mean to recognize and bear in mind always that you have as good hearts in your bosoms as other people, or, as we claim to have, and to treat you accordingly."

Fellow citizens of Kentucky—Friends, brethren—may I call you such?—in my new position I see no occasion and feel no inclination to retract a word of this. If it shall not be made good, be assured that the fault shall not be mine.

These remarks were received with great enthusiasm.

EXTRACT FROM SPEECHES AT PITTSBURG.

And here I may remark that in every short address I have made to the people, in every crowd through which I have passed of late, some allusion has been made to the present distracted state of the country.

It is naturally expected that I should say something upon this subject; but if I touch upon it at all, it would involve an elaborate discussion. The great number of the questions and circumstances would require more time than I can at present command, and I would perhaps unnecessarily commit myself upon matters that have not yet fully developed themselves. [Immense cheering and cries of "Good," "That's right."]

The condition of the country is an extraordinary one, and fills the mind of every patriot with anxiety and solicitude. My intention is to give this subject all the consideration that I possibly can, before I speak fully and definitely in regard to it. [Cheers.] So that when I do speak, I may be as nearly right as possible. [Loud and continued applause.]

When I do speak, I hope I will say nothing in opposition to the spirit of the Constitution, or contrary to the integrity of the Union, or which will prove inimical to the liberties of the people or to the peace of the whole country. [Vociferous applause.] And furthermore, when the time arrives for me to speak on this great subject, I hope I will say nothing to disappoint the people generally throughout the country, especially if their expectations have been based upon anything which I may have heretofore said. [Applause.]

Notwithstanding the troubles across the river (the speaker pointing southwardly to the Monongahela and smiling,) there is really no crisis, except an artificial one. [Laughter and applause.] What is there now to warrant the condition of affairs presented by our friends over the river? Take even their own view of the questions involved, there is nothing to justify the course they are pursuing.

I repeat then, that there is no crisis, excepting such a one as may be gotten up at any time by turbulent men, aided by designing politicians.

My advice then, under the circumstances, is to keep cool. If the great American people only keep their temper on both sides of the line, these troubles will come to an end, and the question that now distracts the country will be settled just as surely as all other difficulties of a like character, which have originated in the Government, have been adjusted. Let the people on both sides keep their self-possession, and just as other clouds have cleared away in due time, so will this, and this great nation continue to prosper as heretofore. [Loud applause.] But, fellow citizens, I have spoken longer on this subject than I intended in the outset. [Cries of "Go on, go on."]

Fellow citizens, as this is the first opportunity I have had to address a Pennsylvania assemblage, it seems a fitting time to indulge in a few remarks on the important question of the tariff—a subject of great magnitude, and one attended with many difficulties, owing to the great variety of interests involved. So long as direct taxation for the support of the Government is not resorted to, a tariff is necessary. A tariff is to the Government what meal is to a family. But while this is admitted, it still becomes necessary to modify or change its operations, according as new interests or new circumstances arise. So far, there is little difference of opinion among politicians, but the question as to how far imposts may be adjusted for the protection of home industry, gives rise to numerous views and objections. I must confess that I do not understand the subject in all its multiform bearings, but I promise you that I will give it my closest attention, and endeavor to comprehend it more fully. And here I may remark that the Chicago platform contains a plank upon this subject, which I think should be regarded as a law for the incoming Administration. [Immense demonstrations of applause.] In fact, on this question, as well as all other subjects embodied in that platform, we should not vary from what we gave the people to understand would be our policy when we obtained their votes. [Continued applause.] Permit me, fellow citizens, to read the tariff plank of the Chicago platform, or rather, have it read in your hearing, by one who has younger eyes than I have.

Mr. Lincoln's private Secretary then read section 12th of the Chicago platform, as follows:—"That while providing revenue for the support of the General Government by duties upon imports, sound policy requires such an adjustment of these duties as may encourage the development of the industrial interests of the whole country; and we commend that policy of national exchanges, which secures to the workingman liberal wages, to agriculture remunerating prices, to mechanics and manufacturers an adequate reward for their skill, labor, and enterprise, and to the nation commercial prosperity and independence."

Mr. Lincoln continued:—Now, I must confess that there are shades of difference in construing even this platform, but I am not now intending to discuss these differences, but merely to give you some general idea of the subject. I have long thought that if there be any article of necessity which can be produced at home, with as little or nearly the same labor as abroad, it would be better to protect that article of labor at its true standard of value. If a bar of iron got out of the mines in England, and a bar of iron taken from the mines in Pennsylvania, can be produced at the same cost, it follows that if the English bar be shipped from Manchester to Pittsburg, and the American bar from Pittsburg to Manchester, the cost of carriage is lost. [Laughter.] If we had no iron here, then we should encourage the shipment from a foreign country, but not when we can make it as cheaply in our own country. This brings us back to the first proposition, that if any article can be produced at home at nearly the same cost as abroad, the carriage is lost labor. The treasury of the nation is in such a low condition at present, that this subject now demands the attention of Congress, and will demand the immediate consideration of the new Administration. The tariff bill now before Congress may or may not pass at the present session. I confess I do not understand the precise provisions of that bill. I do not know whether it can be passed by the present Congress or not. It may or may not become the law of the land; but if it does pass, that will be an end of the matter until a modification can be effected, should such be deemed necessary. If it does not pass, and the latest advices I have are to the effect that it is still pending, the next Congress will have to give this subject the earliest attention.

EXTRACT FROM SPEECH AT CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Frequent allusion is made to the excitement at present existing in national politics. It is as well that I should also allude to it here. I think there is no occasion for any excitement. The crisis, as it is called, is altogether an artificial crisis. In all parts of the nation there are differences of opinion on politics. There are differences of opinion even here. You did not all vote for the person who now addresses you. And how is it with those who are not here? Have they not all their rights, as they ever have had? Do they not have their fugitive slaves returned now as ever? Have they not the same Constitution that they have lived under for the last seventy odd years? Have they not a position as citizens of this common country, and have we any power to change that position?

"What then, is the matter with them? Why all this excitement? Why all these complaints? As I said before, this crisis is all artificial. It has no foundation in fact. It was "argued up," as the saying is, and cannot be argued down. Let it alone and it will go down of itself.

Mr. Lincoln said they must be content with but few words from him. He was very much fatigued, and had spoken so frequently, that he was already hoarse. He thanked them for the cordial, the magnificent reception they had given him, and not less did he thank them for the votes they had given him last fall, and quite as much he thanked them for the efficient aid they had given the cause which he represented; a cause which he would say was a good one. He had one more word to say. He was given to understand that this reception was tendered, not only by his own party supporters, but by men of all parties. This is as it should be.

If Judge Douglas had been elected and had been here on his way to Washington, as I am, the Republicans would have joined in welcoming him just as his friends have joined with mine to-night. If all do not join now to save the good old ship of the Union this voyage, nobody will have a chance to pilot her on another cruise. He concluded by thanking all present for the devotion they had shown for the cause of the Union.

☞ It is with faded beauty as with a clock; the more the face is enamelled, the more clearly do we see the progress of Time.

☞ A sailor poet on the sea writes a valentine to his lady love, in which he says:

> Fly, white-winged sea-bird following fast,
> That dips around our foamy wake,
> Go nestle in her virgin breast,
> And kiss her pure lips for my sake!

The "white-winged sea-bird" that suggests itself is an albatross, and if this be the large ornithological specimen designated, we should like to see how it would manage to "nestle in her virgin breast," as requested by the poet.

☞ SHOW YOUR EARS, LADIES.—An English hairdresser denounces the custom of ladies covering their ears with their hair. He says it is productive of the diseases of the ear, preventing the circulation of air essential to its healthy action.

☞ "G. is so very close," it was observed, "he will squabble about a cent." "Well," remarked W., "I have always thought that the less one squabbles about the better."

☞ The largest piece of silver ever taken from a mine was found in Norway, and placed in the Royal Museum at Copenhagen. It weighed five hundred and sixty pounds, and was worth about nine thousand dollars. In South America a mass of silver, nearly pure, was found in 1794, which weighed three hundred and seventy pounds.

☞ A cat, even if she be friendly, never approaches thee by a direct course. No more does a truth, oh, friend, but winding round thy stupidities, and rubbing up against thy prejudices, it reaches thee gently—and then perhaps scratches.

☞ Bartlett & Co., of Hartford, Conn., made 800 gallons of syrup from the Chinese sugar cane last season. It yielded eight barrels per acre.

☞ A pedagogue told one of his scholars, a son of the Emerald Isle, to spell *hostility*. "H-o-r-s-e, horse," commenced Pat. "Not *horse*-tility," said the teacher, "but *hos*-tility." "Sure," replied Pat, "an' didn't ye tell me, the other day, not to say *hoss!* Be jabers, it's wan thing wid ye one day and another the nixt."

☞ TO QUIET CHILDREN.—If a young child is provided with a large, substantial rag doll to take to bed with him, he will seldom be unwilling to go to bed, even when wide awake. He will pet and talk to the rag-baby till he goes quietly to sleep. These are the best and most satisfactory dolls for small children.

☞ What is it that prevents sympathy between class and class? Not merely difference of opinion, but difference of taste. The difference in feeling between educated and uneducated men places a great gulf between them. We are attracted and repelled by our instinctive sympathies even more than by our intellectual views.

☞ Spiritual authority for pawning—"Put up thy sword."

☞ The flint-stone was probably one of the first missiles that one enemy lanced at another; the ingenious savage then turned it into an arrow-head, and the more ingenious warrior afterward planted it in the lock of a musket.

☞ EXTRAORDINARY AGRICULTURE.—The man who planted a dagger in his enemy's breast, raised a crop of hemp that elevated him in the world.

☞ Daniel Pratt, Jr., perpetual candidate for the Presidency, states that he found it quite sickly up at Lewiston Falls, Maine, during a late visit. At a majority of the residences, where he called with a view of being the guest of the owner, he received the unwelcome intelligence that the sickness of a member of the family obliged them to decline the proffered honor.

☞ Be not too diffident in your choice of a vocation; it seems right that a man should devote himself to the very highest pursuits in which he has any chance of excelling.

☞ Friendship, love and piety ought to be handled with a sort of mysterious secrecy; they ought to be spoken of only in the rare moments of prefect confidence—to be mutually understood in silence. Many things are too delicate to be spoken. Professedly religious people often disgust us by the freedom with which they handle sacred themes.

☞ At the court of the lion was a noble horse, who had long and faithfully served his King; and his master prized and loved his faithful servant as he deserved. This was distasteful to the crowd of inferior courtiers, and the fox undertook to undermine the trusty servant and rob him of his monarch's favor. But his insinuations were nobly and wisely met by the king of beasts. "I need no stronger proof of the worth of my good horse, than that he has such a vile wretch as thou for his enemy."

☞ EXERCISE.—Exercise should not be continued after the effort has become at all painful. Our muscles, like the rest of our bodies, are made susceptible of pain, for the beneficent purpose that we may know that they are in danger, and may thus be excited to do everything in our power to remove them from it. It is a mistaken notion that exercise of all kinds, and under all circumstances, is beneficial. Unless it is adapted to the condition of the muscles, it will prove the agent of death, not the giver of health.

☞ To prevent horses' feet from balling with snow, smear the soles of the feet and the inside of the shoes pretty freely with soft soap.

☞ A young clergyman, very deficient in learning, complaining to Dr. Johnson that somehow or other he had lost all his Greek, "I suppose," said the Doctor, "it was at the time I lost my great estate in Yorkshire."

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Italian Parliamentary election had resulted favorably to the Ministry. Count Cavour is returned from Turin, and Garibaldi and Poerio from Naples.

Russia has ordered the formation of three corps d'armee on a war footing, and to be ready by the first of March. One is to be marched to the Pruth, the second to the frontiers of Poland, and the third to be held in reserve.

An important treasonable correspondence with Gaeta has been discovered.

The bombardment of Gaeta continued, but the resistance of the garrison is growing feebler.

The Paris Patrie denies that the Emperor is encouraging Denmark to resist the demand of Germany, or is organizing a fleet for the Baltic.

The *London Times* is very severe upon Senator's Seward's recent speech.

SINGULAR CHARGE.—Last week, in the House of Representatives, Mr. Pryor, of Virginia, obtained leave to introduce the following, as a question of privilege:

Whereas, the following statement appeared in the New York Times:

"It is ascertained that, in addition to the other frauds perpetrated by the seceding members of Congress, they have taken from the Congressional Library—which is, probably, the best in this country, containing many books which cannot be obtained elsewhere—some of the most valuable volumes in the whole collection. Thousands of dollars' worth have been thus abstracted and carried off by these members. Among them a single South Carolina member, I am informed, has more than four hundred dollars' worth of digests of the most valuable character, and which can never be replaced. Scarcely one of these gentlemen took the trouble to return his books, but, on the contrary, were very cautious to have them carefully packed and sent off. A member from one of the Border States, who favors secession, and thought his State sure to secede, sent orders for upwards of one thousand dollars' worth of books recently, which, under the rules of the Library, were refused. This is regarded here to be very near akin to what Webster defines as 'theft!'"

Therefore, Resolved, That a Select Committee of three be appointed to inquire into the truth of the statement, and that the committee have power to send for persons and papers, with leave to report at any time.

The resolution was passed.

THE ROMANCE OF A CELESTIAL KITCHEN.—Charles Dickens, in his weekly paper, is telling curious and cruel stories about Chinese cookery. When anxious to cook a lamb in the highest style of art, the Chinese, it is said, build a low mud wall, inclosing a space of two or three feet across, and another wall outside, forming a circus of about two feet wide, in which they set pots containing wine, vinegar, soysauce and so forth. In the inner space they light a good fire, and in the circus thus prepared, put a live lamb. The lamb naturally becomes thirsty from the great heat of the fire, and drinks what he finds as he runs backward and forward in search of means of escape. When the drinks are all swallowed and dried into the animal's flesh, the lamb becomes exhausted, falls down dead, and in a very short time is completely roasted. Turtle may be prepared, according to the same authority, by placing it over the fire in a pot of water, in the lid of which there is a hole large enough to allow the turtle to put out his head. As the water becomes hot, the turtle naturally thrusts his head out to get at the cooler air, when he is fed with spiced wine and soysauce, which he drinks readily as a relief from the heat. This goes on as long as he has strength to keep his head up, and as the turtle does not part with life easily, he seldom fails to go on stuffing himself till he is cooked.

CONGRESSIONAL RESOLUTION ON SLAVERY.—In the House, Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, offered the following resolution which was passed unanimously:—

Resolved, That neither Congress, nor the people, nor the Governments of the non-slaveholding States have any constitutional right to legislate upon or interfere with slavery in any of the slaveholding States of the Union.

This passed under the operation of the previous question—yeas 161, nays none.

The following resolution has been offered by Mr. McKean, of N. Y.:—

Resolved, That the Select Committee of Five be instructed to inquire whether, by the consent of the people, or of the State Governments, or by compensating the slaveholders, it be practicable for the General Government to procure the emancipation of the slaves in some, or all, of the border States, and, if so, to report a bill for that purpose.

Laid over for debate.

AIRING ORGANS BY WATER POWER.—Mr. William Kennish, of Virginia, has invented a new method of turning the pressure of any fluid or gas into rotary power, by means of a very ingenious snail revolving in a cylinder, with partitions and gates so arranged as to secure a continuous and direct pressure upon the face of the snail. With the pressure of a column of water it has all the force of a hydraulic press. Its motion is perfectly equable, and the inventor claims that by means of it he reduces the friction of a current of water passing through it to 3 per cent., realizing 97 per cent. of the weight of the water, through its whole fall, in rotary power. A machine in operation at the Nassau Water Works in Brooklyn supplies power to a circular saw. It is proposed to use it for furnishing air to organs, its motion being uniform, and completely under control by turning on or off the water, which the player may do by means of a pedal. It will, we understand, soon be introduced into some of our churches.

CONGRESS.—The two Houses met on the 13th, and counted the votes for President and Vice President—Vice President Breckinridge announced the result:—

For Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois,	180	votes
John C. Breckinridge, of Ky.,	72	"
John Bell, of Tennessee,	39	"
Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois,	12	"

Whereupon, the Vice President, rising, said:—Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, having received a majority of the whole number of electoral votes, is duly elected President of the United States for the four years commencing on the fourth of March, 1861.

He made a similar announcement as to Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, for Vice President.

IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.—The steamer Velasco had arrived at Havana from Vera Cruz, bringing Gen. Miramon and the exiled Foreign Ministers.

The Papal Nuncio was insulted at Vera Cruz and took refuge in the French Consulate.

Miramon escaped in disguise after encountering great dangers.

The Archbishops and Bishops have all been exiled. The populace stoned them on their way to Vera Cruz. They were afterwards detained by the authorities for trial. [They have arrived at New Orleans.]

NEW YORK, Feb. 15.—The steamer Daniel Webster, to sail to-day, will carry out one hundred and fifty troops for Fort Pickens.

THE GEORGIA AND ALABAMA MUSKETS.—These muskets had been already placed at the command of the shippers, before the news came that the New York vessels had been seized. Mr. Lamar (Georgia agent in New York) says:—

"Hence, when I got a private despatch from Savannah on Saturday, that the vessels were to be seized, I telegraphed instantly to prevent the seizure. But it had been done the day before. I then telegraphed to Gov. Brown, at Milledgeville, 'that the guns were at the command of their owners,' and he released the vessels.

"You will see that the arrangement to restore the guns had been made prior to the seizure of the vessels in Savannah, and though ten cases remain unclaimed, it is because their owners and Mr. Cromwell cannot agree as to settling the expenses incurred in replevying them. With that dispute neither Gov. Brown nor myself have anything to do."

Mr. Kennedy, Superintendent of the New York Police, says:—

"I still hold the ten cases, and am determined to do so, until compelled to deliver them up by legal process."

Several cases, containing warlike stores, have since been seized by the police.

THE COLD THURSDAY.—Bayard Taylor has been having a renewal of his Polar experiences. He reached New York on the 9th, having been three days and a night in getting from Toronto. That frightfully memorable Thursday of last week he spent in going from Toronto to Suspension Bridge—through snow six feet deep and cold 20 deg. below zero. Owing to the prevalence of a strong wind this cold was as intense as anything he ever felt in the Arctic circle. The railroad company had brought along a large gang of men to shovel ahead of the engine. They were obliged to come in to the stoves every two or three minutes during the day—and in spite of this constant relief most of them froze noses, toes, hands and ears.—*N. Y. Traveller.*

A NEW MATERIAL FOR THE RIBS OF UMBRELLAS.—Many unsuccessful attempts have been made to obtain a perfect substitute for whalebone, in the manufacture of the ribs of umbrellas and parasols. An ingenious manufacturer has at last found that white oak timber of the second growth, when selected from the butt end of the tree, and straight and free from knobs, may, after subjection to a certain curing process, be employed as a substitute for whalebone. It is even said to be superior to whalebone in toughness and tenacity, and the ribs made from it always resume their original straight condition after exposure to the weather.

THE WASHINGTON PEACE CONFERENCE.—The committee appointed to prepare matters for the consideration of the Peace Convention, reported on the 15th, a plan of pacification.

It is understood to be compounded of the propositions of Crittenden and Guthrie and the border State Committee resolutions, and, among other things, applies the principle of the Missouri Compromise north of 36 deg. 30 min. and the popular sovereignty doctrine south of that line.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—Judging from recent articles in the Charleston Mercury, South Carolina is not very well pleased with the tariff and anti-slave-trade planks in the Provisional Constitution of the "Southern Confederation." Mr. Spratt, in a long article, says:—

"Slavery, like the Thracian horse, returning from the field of victory, still bears a master on his back; and having achieved one revolution to escape Democracy at the North, it must still achieve another to escape it at the South."

THE INVASION OF WASHINGTON.—The Special Committee of the House to investigate this matter, are unanimously of opinion that whatever combination or interests may have existed at an earlier period, that for the last six months there has been no appearance or vestige of an organization with hostile intent on Washington, or the public property therein.

☞ Mrs. Partington says, that "when she was a gal she used to go to parties, and always had a beau to extort her home. But now," says she, "the gals undergo all sorts of declivities; the task of extorting them home revolves on their dear selves." The old lady drew down her specs, and thanked her stars that she had lived in other days, when men could depreciate the worth of the female sex. "Besides," she added, "so many men ar murdered every day, that you gals must make haste and get husbands as soon as you can, or there won't be any left." "Why so, aunt?" "Why, I see by the paper that we must have got almost thirty thousand post-offices, and nearly all of 'em dispatches a *mail* every day."

☞ Some tasteful individual very correctly remarks that the best lip salve in creation is a kiss; the remedy should be used with great care, however, as it is apt to bring on an *affection of the heart.*

☞ An American lady, who had been sick at Marseilles, and had received many kind attentions from many of her sex, both French and English, was asked to give her opinion respecting the two classes of her sympathizers. Her reply was:—"They were both very kind. The French ladies brought me flowers all day; the English ladies sat up with me all night."

> "Who can rest when music pleads
> For love, for tears, for warlike deeds?"

☞ The greatest coward may avoid shaking in his shoes by wearing boots or going barefooted.

☞ GREAT TALKERS.—A writer has very wisely observed, that "he that talks all he knows will talk more than he knows. Great talkers discharge too thick to take always true aim."

☞ A CITY WITHOUT SUBURBS.—It is strange that a city of the size and antiquity of Pekin should have little or no suburb round it. The walls in most places look down on green fields outside, and the only approach to a suburb is the village in which the British army is now quartered, which, however, is quite detached from the city, there being a plain of a mile or two in breadth lying between.

☞ The attention of the French Government has been forcibly drawn to a very serious symptom of social retrogression: namely, the gradual diminution of the people, instead of a steadily increasing population, as in most European countries. Out of the 86 departments of France, no less than 54 are returned as having lost ground in this respect, 4 keeping stationary, and only 28 presenting a trifling augmentation.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE fifth volume of Macaulay's history, recently announced, will be much briefer than any of the preceding volumes,—including only four or five chapters.

MR. BUCHANAN is packing his library, and his housekeeper at Wheatland has orders to be ready for his arrival on the 5th of March. He will be accompanied by Gen. Cass, who is forwarding his furniture, library, and valuable works of art to Detroit, with the exception of some paintings, which are to deck the saloon of his daughter, Madame Limbourg.

IN Louisiana, the Protestant Episcopal Church secedes with the State. A pastoral letter from Bishop Polk says:—"Our separation from our brethren of 'The Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States' has been effected, *because we must follow our nationality*. Not because there has been any difference of opinion as to Christian doctrine or catholic usage. Upon these points we are all one."

THE record of the resolutions censuring Senator Broderick for his course against Buchanan was expunged from the journal of the California Assembly.

FAITHFUL TO DEATH.—An English paper says that the bodies of Capt. Staples and wife (formerly Miss Stow, of Boston), of the American ship Golden Star, recently wrecked on the coast of Ireland, had been recovered; that they were locked in each other's arms, and that the captain held in his hand a rope, which he had tried to use for their safety.

THIRTY-THREE members of the Alabama Convention have issued an address explaining their reasons for refusing to sign the ordinance of secession. While they repudiate all fears of incurring the consequences which the other delegates have incurred, they state that they based their action on the rejection by the Convention of the proposition to submit the ordinance to a vote of the people, and the refusal of that body to adopt any measures looking towards co-operation or consultation with other States. "Other men and other times" will render a correct verdict on their course.

THE *Memorial de la Loire*, a St. Etienne journal, says that the question of arming the whole French army with six-shot revolvers, is under consideration. It is proposed that the infantry should carry the pistol fastened to the waistband, and the cavalry on the right of the saddle.

THE report of the House committee on the Indian Bond transactions developes a most infamous state of affairs. Gov. Floyd is deeply implicated. The amount stolen is six millions of dollars. Where it has gone to is yet to be discovered.

THE appropriation of twelve hundred thousand dollars to build seven new sloops of war has passed the Senate—yeas 27, nays 17. Messrs. Bigler, Douglas, Johnson (Tenn.) and Latham voting with the Republicans in the affirmative.

MR. LINCOLN pronounces the letter a rank forgery published by the Charleston Mercury, alleged to have been written by him to a Mr. Spencer of Wheeling, Va., in relation to the John Brown raid.

CAPT. MORRISON, who surrendered the revenue cutter Lewis Cass to the authorities of Alabama, has tendered his resignation to the Navy Department. Without taking notice of this document, the Secretary of the Treasury ordered his name to be stricken from the rolls of the service.

THE report that the Constitution of the Southern Confederation adopted as a basis Free Trade, is erroneous. A tariff is provided for.

LORD LYONS has received official notice from the British Consul at Savannah, that the captain of an English vessel, who had invited a negro stevedore to dine with him, was tarred and cottoned by the Rattlesnake Club.

REMARKABLE FACT.—A lady in San Francisco became mother to a fine and healthy daughter Dec. 26th. Mother and child did well. But two weeks afterward the same lady gave birth to a fine boy, who is also flourishing, as well as the mother. This circumstance, although of extreme rarity, is the second well-ascertained case of the kind in the United States, and is accounted for by medical men upon clearly ascertained physical grounds.

IN the Paris Court of Correctional Police, recently, a lady, by no means young, advanced coquettishly to the witness stand to give her testimony. What is your name? Virginie Loustatot. Your age? Twenty-five. [Exclamations of incredulity from the audience.] The lady's evidence being taken, she regained her place, still coquettishly bridling, and the next witness was introduced. This one was a full-grown young man. Your name? said the Judge. Isadore Loustatot. Your age? Twenty-seven years. Are you a relative of the last witness? I am her son. Thunder! murmured the magistrate, your mother must have married *very* young.

MR. LINCOLN will reach Philadelphia on Thursday, the 21st, and on Friday morning, at nine o'clock, will leave for Harrisburg.

THERE is a tree in Williamstown, Massachusetts, so situated that it draws nourishment from Massachusetts, New York and Vermont. It stands on the spot where those three States join.

PARIS SKATERS.—The following is from the Boston *Post*:—

"A Paris letter describing the gathering of the elite of Paris on the ice says:—'By far the best skaters are the Americans. Mrs. Ronalds or Reynolds, of Boston, carries off the palm among the ladies. Many and high-flown are the complimentary remarks made about her by the male portion of the Court as she glides by gracefully, her animated and beautiful face flushed with the agreeable exercise. Among the gentlemen, Mr. Camac, a young Philadelphian, is the champion.'"

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856		
" " '62	106	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	109	—
" 5 " coupon '74	102½	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	—	98
" " new	102	102½
" 5 "	—	—
Pitts 6 pr ct,	60	—
" " coupon	—	—
All'gy City 6 pr ct,	—	—
" County	40	—
Penn 6 pr ct,	101½	—
" 5 "	88½	90
Tenn 6 "	—	—
" 5 coupon	—	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct,	—	95
Missouri "	—	—
Ohio " 1886	—	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct,	—	96½
Virginia "	91	91½
Ind State 5 pr ct	93	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '82	66½	66¾
imp. 6 pr ct	90	—
stock	—	8
preferred	16	17
Lehigh Nav stock	—	48½
mort 6 pr ct	103	—
scrip	33½	34
Morris Consol'd	51	—
preferred	109	109½
Ches & Del	36	—
bonds	—	89
Union	½	—
[illegible]	18	—

	Bid.	Asked.
Sus & Tidewater	—	4
bonds, 1878	—	77
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR 1st mort bonds	100	—
2nd "	88	—
stock	39½	40
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	90	96
stock	109	109½
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	82½	—
mort 6's '44	—	89½
" '86	74	—
stock	21 38-100	21½
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	38	—
6 pr ct loan, '66	90	—
Elmira 7's 1st mort	64	66
2nd "	23	24
stock	—	—
Catawissa	—	—
Beaver Meadow stock	58	59½
preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penn'a R R stock	8½	8¾
6 pr ct loan	65½	66
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock, div'd off	48	49
6 pr ct loan	96	—
Erie R R stock	33	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	78½	—
Michigan Central	—	—
Illinois "	—	—
Michigan Southern	—	—

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 979 head. The prices realized were from 7 to 9¼c ℔ lb. 70 Cows brought from $25 to 40 ℔ head. 6500 Sheep were sold at from 4 to 5¼c ℔ lb, gross weight. 960 Hogs brought from $7,50 to 8,50 ℔ cwt, net.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St. N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HUNT & MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth Street, Pittsburg.
GEORGE N. LEWIS, 28 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHNSON & TREANOR, Nashville, Tenn.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULLEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN & CO., New Orleans, La.
GRAY & CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Mo.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE
PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market has ruled unsettled and very dull, the demand for Flour both for shipment and home use, being very small. Sales reach some 6000 bbls, mostly taken in small lots, at $5@5,12½ for standard and better brands of superfine; $5,12½@5,37½ for extras; and $5,25@5,50 for common and good extra family, including 2200 bbls fancy Western family, and 1000 bbls city mills do, all on terms kept private. The trade have been buying moderately within the above range of prices for superfine and extras, and from $5,75 up to $6,50 for fancy lots, as in quality. Rye Flour is rather lower, with small sales at $3,50@3,75 ℔ bbl for common and choice brands. Corn Meal is but little inquired for and dull at $2,87½@2,90 for Pennsylvania Meal, at which rates some small sales are reported.

GRAIN—The receipts and stocks of Wheat are light, and the market dull and depressed. Some 18,000 bus have been disposed of at from $1,25 to $1,30 for fair to good and choice reds, mostly at $1,25 to $1,26 for prime Pennsylvania, in store, and from $1,32 to $1,50 for common and choice white, the latter for Kentucky. Rye is dull and lower, with sales of 4000 bus to notice in lots, at 70@66c for Pennsylvania, and 65@63c for Southern, closing at the lowest figures. Corn is arriving less freely, about 20,000 bus, mostly new yellow, having been sold at 56@58c for dry and 50@54c for damp lots, as to condition. Old Corn is selling in a small way at 65c. Oats are dull and drooping, and about 15,000 bus Pennsylvania sold at 33@32c, in store, including some small lots of Southern at 32@31½c. Barley is but little inquired for, and sales of New York State are reported at 65@72c, mostly at the former figure. Barley Malt is also quiet, and selling at 85@95c, as in quality. Of Mill Feed sales are reported at $19 ℔ ton.

PROVISIONS—The market for the Hog product generally is quiet, and prices rather weak, with a limited business doing in barrelled meats at $18@18,25 for mess Pork, and $12@14 for city mess Beef. Dressed Hogs are selling at $7@7,25 the 100 lbs. Bacon moves off as wanted, mostly to go south, at $8½@8¾c for shoulders, and 10½@10⅝c for sides, cash and time. Hams are steady at 11@13c for plain and fancy cured. Of green Meats sales of 150,000 lbs bulk sides and shoulders, are reported at 9¼ for the former, and 7¼c for the latter, and 200 casks at ¼c ℔ lb above these rates, all on the usual terms. Hams range at 9@9½c in pickle. Lard is dull, and selling in a small way at 10¼@10½c in tcs and bbls, cash and 4 months, and kegs at 11½c. Butter is also very dull: we quote packed at 9@10c, and roll at 12@14c. Cheese is steady at 10@11c as in quality, and the sales limited. Eggs are more plenty, and selling at 14@15c ℔ dozen, which is a further decline.

COTTON—The market has ruled dull and unsettled during the past week, and prices are fully ¼c lower, the sales reach about 600 bales, mostly Uplands, at from 10½ to 12¼@13¼c for ordinary to good middling and middling fair quality, cash, including some Tennessee and Mobile at from 12½ to 14c, on time.

BARK—The receipts and stocks are very light, and the demand for Quercitron steady at $25, with further small sales of 1st No 1 at that figure.

BEESWAX is wanted at 31@32c ℔ lb, and very little offering or selling.

COAL—There are very few orders coming in, and but little selling for shipment; prices rule about the same, with a moderate business doing to supply the home trade at previous quotations.

COFFEE—The stock has been increased by the recent arrivals, and the market is firm. Sales reach some 4500 bags, principally Rio, at from 10¾ to 13c, as in quality, including Laguayra in small lots at 14c, and Java at 15¾@16c, all on the usual credit.

COPPER—There is little or nothing doing in either Sheathing or Yellow Metal, and no changes in the market.

FEATHERS are scarce, and selling in a small way at 47@48c ℔ lb.

FRUIT continues dull; there has been little or nothing done in the way of sales, and quotations are nominally unchanged.

FURS—Prices same as last week.

HEMP is quiet, the stock being nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS—The sales continue very small at 26@30c for new crop, eastern and western. The stock is light and old hops are very dull.

IRON—There is little or nothing doing in the way of sales. Some 1500 tons Anthracite, chiefly No. 3, however, have been disposed of on terms kept private.

LEAD—We hear of no sales of pig to alter quotations, which are nearly nominal.

LUMBER continues extremely dull, and the only sale we hear of is 100,000 English Laths at $1,80 ℔ M.

MOLASSES—The market is dull but firm, with sales of 200@300 barrels New Orleans at 37c, on the usual terms.

PLASTER—There is none arriving, and we hear of no sales to establish a quotation.

RICE—The stock is light, but the demand is limited. About 150 casks have been disposed of, mostly at 4@4½c for prime, cash and time.

SEEDS—In Cloverseed there has been more doing at the decline noticed last week, and sales and re-sales of 2500 bushels are reported at $4,50@5, mostly at $4,75 ℔ bushel for prime lots, which are now held at the highest figures and rather scarce, including some re-cleaned seed from second hands at 8c ℔ lb. Timothy is scarce, with light offerings and sales at $2,25@2,50 ℔ bushel. Domestic Flaxseed sells more freely on arrival at $1,43@1,45 ℔ bushel. Calcutta Linseed is higher.

SPIRITS—There is no change in Brandy and Gin, and a limited business doing in the way of sales. N. E. Rum sells slowly at 32@33c. Whiskey is dull, Pennsylvania bbls selling as wanted at 17½c, Ohio do, 18c, drudge 17c, and hhds at 17½c.

SUGARS have been very inactive, with reduced stocks of New Orleans to operate in, and sales of 150@200 hhds only are reported at from 6 to 6¾c on time. Refining qualities are not inquired for. 2000 bags Brazils sold on terms kept private.

TALLOW is dull, with small sales of rendered at 9¼@9⅝c ℔ lb.

TOBACCO is quiet, with a small business doing in best leaf and manufactured; a sale of the former is reported at 10c for Maysville.

WOOL—The sales are in small lots, mostly fleece at steady rates; among the transactions we note 14,000 lbs quarter blood at 40c.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Feb. 16.—FLOUR advanced; 11,000 bbls sold at an advance of 5c, State $5,05@5,15; $5,55@5,65 for Ohio; Southern unchanged. Wheat advanced, 20,000 bus sold at an advance of 1c, red Western 130c, prime white Canada 151½c. Corn advanced, 25,000 bus sold at 66c. Pork dull. Lard unchanged. Whiskey dull at 17¾c.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, February 16, 1861.

Alabama	8 dis.	Missouri	9 dis.
Canada	1½ dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	[illegible]	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	par to ½ dis.	New Hampshire	¼ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	½ dis.	New Jersey	par to ¼ dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	par.
Georgia	9 dis.	New York State	¼ dis.
Illinois	9 dis.	North Carolina	3 dis.
Indiana	1½ to 5 dis.	Nova Scotia	— dis.
Iowa	5 dis.	Ohio	1½ dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to 2½ dis.
Kentucky	1½ dis.	Rhode Island	¼ dis.
Louisiana	2½ dis.	South Carolina	3 dis.
Maine	1 dis.	Tennessee	5 dis.
Maryland	1 to 4 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	½ dis.	Vermont	¼ dis.
Michigan	2½ dis.	Virginia	6½ dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	9 dis.
Mississippi	—		

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM WILLIAMS, to Miss ROSANNA YOUNG, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. JAMES H. LAVERTY, to Miss JANE SPROULL.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, Mr. ALLEN RUTHERFORD, to Miss ELLEN RUSSELL, both of this city.

On the 10th of Feb. by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. G. W. WEIR, to Miss JANE McHENRY, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. J. Y. Ashton, Mr. CHARLES R. GRACE, to Miss VIRGINIA C. REED, both of this city.

On the 7th of Oct. last, by the Rev. Dr. Clay, Mr. JOSEPH MORLAN, to Miss LYDIA L. WILSON, both of this city.

On Monday evening, Feb. 4th, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. ISAAC L. COX, to Miss AMANDA E. STERLING, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Francis Church, Mr. JOHN HOPKINS, to Miss SARAH CLAY, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening, Feb. 6th, by the Rev. John A. McKean, Mr. JOHN SAMPLE, to Miss MARY L. KLEIN, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Mt. Washington, near Pittsburg, on Wednesday evening, 6th instant, STURLEY BRUCE, eldest son of S. L. and M. A. Cuthbert, aged 8 years, 3 months and 27 days.

On the 11th instant, JOSEPH CRESSON, in his 80th year.

On first-day morning, the 10th instant, after a short illness, JOSEPH S. eldest son of Lindley and Anne L. Haines, aged 14 years.

On Tuesday, 12th instant, at his residence, Wilmington, Del. JOHN HEMPHILL, aged 76 years.

On the 7th instant, GEORGE RUGAN, Sr. in his 78th year.

On first-day morning, the 10th instant, after a short illness, JAMES STARR, in his 70th year.

On the 11th instant, ANN M. wife of Henry Harden.

On the 12th instant, Mrs. MARY HENDERSON, aged 68 years.

On the 10th instant, RHODA, relict of the late Thos. Bareford, in her 68th year.

On the 11th instant, Mr. WILLIAM P. BASTIAN, aged 37 years.

On the 8th instant, ISRAEL M. PAWLING, in his 47 year.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. MARY PERRY, widow of the late Robt. Perry, in her 71st year.

On the 8th instant, MARY ANN, wife of Edward Pray, in her 31st year.

SILVER WARE.

We have now on hand a large assortment of Silver Ware, comprising Plain and Fancy patterns of *Spoons, Forks, Ladles, Cream and Sugar Spoons, Butter Knives, and Napkin Rings, &c., &c.* The above articles made for our own sales, are *warranted equal to coin*, and sold at the lowest prices.

CASSIDY & BALL,
No. 12 South Second St.,
dec 15-tf 5th door below Market (West side.)

PLEASE TO READ THIS.—If you want Employment, send at once for Mr. SEARS' CIRCULAR TO BOOK AGENTS. Our Publications are considered among the most saleable. Address, post paid, ROBERT SEARS,
aug13-tf Publisher, 181 William St., N. Y.

WINCHESTER & CO.,
GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING STORE,
AND
PATENT SHOULDER SEAM SHIRT
MANUFACTORY,
NO. 706 CHESTNUT STREET,
Above Seventh, opposite the Washington House.

Fine SHIRTS and DRAWERS made from measurement at a few days' notice, and in all cases WARRANTED to fit.

LIBERAL INDUCEMENTS TO WHOLESALE BUYERS. jan5-26t

BOOK AGENTS

WANTED, to sell RAPID SELLING, Valuable Family Works, AT LOW PRICES, WITH INTERESTING CONTENTS, and Superbly Colored Plates. For circulars, with full particulars, apply, if you live East, to HENRY HOWE, 102 Nassau street, New York; if you live West, the same, 111 Main Street, Cincinnati. mh15-tf

"WHY STAND YE ALL THE DAY IDLE?"

ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman,) in the United States, possessing a small capital of from $3 to $7, can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from $5 to $10 PER DAY CAN BE REALIZED. For particulars, address (with stamp,) ACTON & CO.,
oct30-tf 37 North Sixth St., Philada.

BAILEY'S ORIGINAL PACKAGES
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THE BEST IN THE MARKET.

These packages contain 12 sheets of White and Colored Note Paper, and 12 White and Colored Envelopes; also, some one article of Jewelry. The Jewelry consists of every description of goods used by the Gift Book dealers, and valued by them from 50 cents to $20.

PRICE 25 CENTS A PACKAGE.

Beware of poor imitations. Buy only Bailey's Packages;—you will get more for your money than by any other source. Inducements for getting up Clubs—6 Packages for $1,25, 15 Packages for $3, 33 Packages for $6,25. The postage on each package sent by mail is 15 cents, which must be paid in advance. Travelling Agents and Peddlers supplied with a better article, and at a lower price than can be obtained elsewhere. Our agents write that they can sell ten of our packages to one of any other. Give us a trial, and judge for yourselves. Jewelry sold at wholesale at about one-half the usual prices.

Address J. L. BAILEY,
feb23-2t 154 Court St., Boston, Mass.

Music Books for Temperance Meetings.

New Temperance Melodist, 38 cents. Boston Temperance Glee Book, 30 cents. Temperance Melodeon, 30 cents. Washingtonian Choir, 50 cts. Covert and Dodge's Temperance Songs, 12 cts. Union Temperance Song Book, 10 cents. Sent by mail, *post-paid*, on receipt of price. Published by DITSON & CO., Boston.

EXTRAORDINARY INDUCEMENTS TO THOSE SEEKING EMPLOYMENT, to engage in a local or travelling Agency, which will readily yield a clear profit of $4 per day. For particulars, inclose red stamp to Box 101, care of B. LOCKWOOD,
feb23-tf Broadway P. O., New York.

HUSBAND'S
CALCINED MAGNESIA

Is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia. *A WORLD'S FAIR MEDAL and FOUR FIRST PREMIUM SILVER MEDALS* have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the Druggists and country storekeepers generally, and by the manufacturer,
feb2-tf THOMAS J. HUSBAND, Phila.

CEPHALIC PILLS,
CURE
SICK HEADACHE;
CURE
NERVOUS HEADACHE;
CURE
ALL KINDS
OF
HEADACHE.

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous or Sick Headache* may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the *Nausea* and *Headache* to which females are so subject.

They act gently upon the bowels,—removing *Costiveness*.

For *Literary Men, Students*, Delicate Females, and all persons of *sedentary habits*, they are valuable as a *Laxative*, improving the *appetite*, giving *tone* and *vigor* to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.

The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of pain and suffering from Headache, whether originating in the *nervous* system or from a deranged state of the *stomach*.

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety, without making any change of diet, *and the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children*.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

The genuine have five signatures of Henry C. Spalding on each Box.

Sold by Druggists and all other dealers in Medicines.

A Box will be sent by mail pre-paid on receipt of the

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

All orders should be addressed to

HENRY C. SPALDING,
48 Cedar Street, New York.

THE FOLLOWING ENDORSEMENTS OF
SPALDING'S
CEPHALIC PILLS,
WILL CONVINCE ALL WHO SUFFER FROM
HEADACHE,
THAT A
SPEEDY AND SURE CURE
IS WITHIN THEIR REACH.

As these Testimonials were unsolicited by Mr. SPALDING, *they afford unquestionable proof of the efficacy of this truly scientific discovery.*

MASONVILLE, CONN., Feb. 5, 1861.
MR. SPALDING.
SIR:

I have tried your Cephalic Pills, and *I like them so well* that I want you to send me two dollars' worth more.

Part of these are for the neighbors, to whom I gave a few out of the first box I got from you.

Send the Pills by mail, and oblige
Your ob't Servant,
JAMES KENNEDY.

HAVERFORD, PA., Feb. 6, 1861.
MR. SPALDING,
SIR:

I wish you to send me one more box of your Cephalic Pills, *I have received a great deal of benefit from them.* Yours, respectfully,
MARY ANN STOIKHOUSE.

SPRUCE CREEK, HUNTINGTON CO., PA.,
January 18, 1861.
H. C. SPALDING,
SIR:

You will please send me two boxes of your Cephalic Pills. Send them immediately.
Respectfully yours,
JNO. B. SIMONS.

P. S.—*I have used one box of your Pills, and find them excellent.*

BELLE VERNON, Ohio, Jan. 15, 1861.
HENRY C. SPALDING, Esq.

Please find inclosed twenty-five cents, for which send me another box of your Cephalic Pills. *They are truly the best Pills I have ever tried.*

Direct A. STOVER, P. M.,
Belle Vernon, Wyandot Co., O.

BEVERLY, MASS., Dec. 11, 1860.
H. C. SPALDING, Esq.

I wish for some circulars or large show bills, to bring your Cephalic Pills more particularly before my customers. If you have anything of the kind, please send to me.

One of my customers, who is subject to severe Sick Headache, (usually lasting two days,) *was cured of an attack in one hour by your Pills*, which I sent her.

Respectfully yours,
W. B. WILKES.

REYNOLDSBURG, FRANKLIN CO., OHIO,
January 9, 1861.
HENRY C. SPALDING,
No. 48 Cedar st., N. Y.,
DEAR SIR:

Inclosed find twenty-five cents, (25,) for which send box of "Cephalic Pills." Send to address of Rev. Wm. C. Filler, Reynoldsburg, Franklin Co., Ohio.

Your Pills work like a charm—cure Headache almost instanter.

Truly yours,
WM. C. FILLER.

☞ A single bottle of SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE will save ten times its cost annually. ☜

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

SAVE THE PIECES!

ECONOMY! DISPATCH!

☞ "A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE." ☜

As accidents will happen, even in well regulated families, it is very desirable to have some cheap and convenient way for repairing Furniture, Toys, Crockery, &c.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE

meets all such emergencies, and no household can afford to be without it. It is always ready, and up to the sticking point.

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N. B.—A Brush accompanies each Bottle. Price, 25 cents.

Address, HENRY C. SPALDING,
No. 48 CEDAR Street, New York.

CAUTION.

As certain unprincipled persons are attempting to palm off on the unsuspecting public, imitations of my PREPARED GLUE, I would caution all persons to examine before purchasing, and see that the full name

☞ SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE, ☜

is on the outside wrapper; all others are swindling counterfeits. nov17-1y

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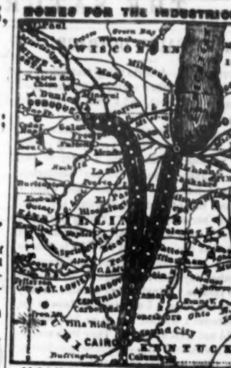
HOMES FOR THE INDUSTRIOUS!



ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD.

HOMES FOR THE INDUSTRIOUS,
IN THE
GARDEN STATE OF THE WEST.
THE
ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY
HAVE FOR SALE
1,200,000 ACRES OF RICH
FARMING LANDS,
In
TRACTS OF FORTY ACRES AND UPWARD,
On
LONG CREDIT AND AT LOW PRICES.

MECHANICS, FARMERS and WORKINGMEN.

The attention of the enterprising and industrious portion of the community is directed to the following statements and liberal inducements offered them by the

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY,

which, as they will perceive, will enable them, by proper energy, perseverance and industry, to provide comfortable and permanent homes for themselves and families, with, comparatively speaking, very little capital.

LANDS OF ILLINOIS.

No State in the Valley of the Mississippi offers so great an inducement to the settler as the State of Illinois. There is no portion of the world where all of the conditions of climate and soil so admirably combine to produce those two great staples, CORN and WHEAT, as the Prairies of Illinois.

RICH ROLLING PRAIRIE LANDS.

The deep, rich loam of the prairies is cultivated with such wonderful facility that the farmers of the Eastern and Middle States are moving to Illinois in great numbers. The area of Illinois about equal to that of England, and the soil is so rich that it will support twenty millions of people.

EASTERN AND SOUTHERN MARKETS.

These lands are contiguous to a railroad 700 miles in length, which connects with other roads, and navigable lakes and rivers, thus affording an unbroken communication with the Eastern and Southern markets.

APPLICATION OF CAPITAL.

Thus far capital and labor have been applied to developing the soil; the great resources of the State in coal and iron are almost untouched. The invariable rule that the mechanic arts flourish best where food and fuel are cheapest, will follow at an early day in Illinois, and in the course of the next ten years the natural laws and necessities of the case warrant the belief that at least five hundred thousand people will be engaged in the State of Illinois in the various manufacturing employments.

RAILROAD SYSTEM OF ILLINOIS.

Over $100,000,000 of private capital have been expended on the railroad system of Illinois. Inasmuch as part of the income from several of these works, with a valuable public fund in lands, go to diminish the State Expenses, the TAXES ARE LIGHT, and must, consequently, every day decrease.

THE STATE DEBT.

The State debt is only $10,106,398.14, and within the last three years has been reduced $2,959,746.80, and we may reasonably expect that in ten years it will become extinct.

PRESENT POPULATION.

The State is rapidly filling up with population; 868,026 persons having been added since 1850, making the present population 1,719,496—a ratio of 102 per cent. in ten years.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

The Agricultural Products of Illinois are greater than those of any other State. The Products sent out during the past year exceeded 1,500,000 tons. The wheat crop of 1860 approaches 35,000,000 bushels, while the corn crop yields not less than 140,000,000 bushels.

FERTILITY OF THE SOIL.

Nowhere can the industrious farmer secure such immediate results for his labor as upon these prairie soils, they being composed of a deep, rich loam, the fertility of which is unsurpassed by any on the globe.

TO ACTUAL CULTIVATORS.

Since 1854 the Company have sold 1,300,000 acres. They sell only to actual cultivators, and every contract contains an agreement to cultivate. The road has been constructed through these lands at an expense of $30,000,000. In 1850 the population of forty-nine counties through which it passes was only 335,598, since which 479,293 have been added, making the whole population 814,891, a gain of 143 per cent.

EVIDENCES OF PROSPERITY.

As an evidence of the thrift of the people, it may be stated that 600,000 tons of freight, including 8,600,000 bushels of grain and 250,000 barrels of flour were forwarded over the line last year.

EDUCATION.

Mechanics and workingmen will find the free school system encouraged by the State, and endowed with a large revenue for the support of schools. Their children can live in sight of the church and school house, and grow up with the prosperity of the leading State in the Great Western Empire.

PRICES AND TERMS OF PAYMENT.

The prices of these lands vary from $6 to $25 per acre, according to location, quality, &c.—First-class farming lands sell for about $10 or $12 per acre; and the relative expense of subduing prairie land as compared with wood land is in the ratio of 1 to 10 in favor of the former.—The terms of sale for the bulk of these lands will be

ONE YEAR'S INTEREST IN ADVANCE

at six per cent. per annum, and six interest notes at six per cent., payable respectively in one, two, three, four, five, and six years from date of sale; and four notes for principal, payable in four, five, six, and seven years from date of sale; the contract stipulating that one-tenth of the tract purchased shall be fenced and cultivated, each and every year, for five years from the date of sale, so that at the end of five years one-half shall be fenced and under cultivation.

TWENTY PER CENT. WILL BE DEDUCTED from the valuation for cash, except the same should be at six dollars per acre, when the cash price will be five dollars.

Pamphlets descriptive of the lands, soil, climate, productions, prices, and terms of payment, can be had on application to

J. W. FOSTER, LAND COMMISSIONER,
ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD,
Chicago, Illinois.

For the names of the Towns, Villages and Cities situated upon the Illinois Central Railroad see pages 188, 189, 190, Appleton's Railway Guide.
feb9-4t

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE
FOR MARCH.

CONTENTS.

OUR SUMMER AT RIDGETON, AND WHAT CAME OF IT. By Nina H.
THE BRIDGE OF PRAYER. By Lulu Holmes.
A WORD TO THE WEDDED. By Alma Gray.
RICH AND POOR. By Sarah J. C. Whittlesey.
GROWING BEAUTIFUL.
MOZART'S REQUIEM.
"IN MEMORIAM." By A. P. C.
HE THAT HASTETH TO BE RICH, TROUBLETH HIS OWN HOUSEHOLD. By Mrs. Harriet E. Francis.
THE BRIDAL AND THE RAINBOW. By Fanny True.
ABOUT MOTHERS-IN-LAW.
WILL IT BE ALWAYS NIGHT. By Nettie Vernon.
A WOMAN DEAD. By Ruth Burtis.
A SEPTUAGENARIAN. By Sener.
NOTHING BUT MONEY. By T. S. Arthur. Chapters VII, VIII, IX, and X.
ROSE TERRY'S POEMS.
THURSTON DOW AND CHARITY MOSS—THEIR ENGAGEMENT. By Virginia F. Townsend.
THE TWINS. By F. H. Stauffer.
LAY SERMONS: THE LIFE TO COME. By T. S. Arthur—Spiritual Love.
BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY: Last Wednesday Night. By Virginia F. Townsend. (Concluded)—My Little Cousin, Ellen Drake. By Virginia F. Townsend—Dr. Franklin on Contentment.
MOTHER'S DEPARTMENT: Our Daily Bread—Infant Management—Little Children's Dresses—Learn the Value of Money—Restrain Punishment.
HEALTH DEPARTMENT.
HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.
TOILET AND WORK-TABLE.
NEW PUBLICATIONS.
EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

We are gratified to learn that this charming monthly, which fulfils so admirably the high requisites of a home magazine, is rapidly increasing in circulation. This augurs well for the improving taste and increasing good sense of those who are blessed with families. However it may lack the learning, depth, and scholarly finish of some of our larger monthlies, it is inferior to none of them in freshness, variety or vivacity; and for pure and lofty morality, refinement and delicacy of feeling, practical good sense, and a sweet, genial, Christian spirit, it is not extravagant to say that it is superior to them all. It cannot fail to exert a healthy influence over the families that are blest with its monthly visits.—*New York Evening Post*

PREMIUMS.

We offer two elegant and attractive steel engravings, as premiums to *all who make up Clubs*. One of them is called "SEVENTY-SIX," and is 16 inches by 23; the other, "HE KNEW THE SCRIPTURES FROM HIS YOUTH," 14 inches by 20. They are first-class engravings as to execution, and will make handsome ornaments for any parlor. The publisher's price for these plates is $1,50 each.

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CONVINCING TESTIMONY.—The immense yearly sale of LYON'S KATHAIRON, and the thousands of testimonials to its excellence received from all classes of society, prove it to be the finest preparation for the Hair ever made. No one desiring a fine head of Hair should fail to use it. Sold by all dealers for 25 cents a bottle.
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DO YOU WANT WHISKERS? If you do, use my ONGUENT, which will force them to grow in 3 weeks. Sent by mail, to any person for 50 cents. Address,
J. F. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ill.

Wit and Humor.

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

A TALE OF THE BLOATED ARISTOCRACY.

PART I.

Our story opens in one of the magnificent palaces of a pampered aristocracy on New Year's Eve. It is magnificently furnished, and has the Bensley water throughout. There are bath-tubs in the house, with hot and cold water, and shower baths. It has likewise THE GAS.

A young lady is reclining at full-length on a magnificent *vis-a-vis*. On each of her fingers sparkle immense Real Diamonds, imported by Tucker. Her manner is haughty.

PART II.

A young man enters with a coal-scuttle in his hand. You cannot look at this young man without noticing that he is a gentleman of high birth and parentage, although his garb is that of a menial. A magnificent Real Diamond sparkles on his finger. It was the property of his grandfather. Poverty, with her deceitful gripe, could not wrest it from his fingers, and he froze to that there diamond. He paused scornfullike!

"Parse me the coal-scuttle," said Florine, in an agitated voice.

Then recovering herself with haughty composure, she said, with proud dignity,

"Put on the coal and put up the Blower!"

The young man gazed at her with a curious mixture of love and hate, and scorn and respect, and then suddenly dashing down the coal-scuttle, laughed bitterly and fled forever and a day!

PART III.

It is again New Year's Eve. There is a ring at the door of the palatial residence. A young man enters with a bag under his cloak. It is Clarence Fitz Clarence.

"Is your mistress in?"

"She is in the second-story front room playing on the planner," said the servant, with admiration and regard, for the young man's style was noble.

"Admit me!"

He emptied the bag in the coal-scuttle first off, and then strode into the room. Florine screamed.

"I have come to put some coal on the fire and put the Blower up," said the young man.

Not another word was spoken. He emptied the contents of the coal-scuttle on the fire. He then put up the Blower. Then he turned and fled forever.

* * * * * * * * * *

When Florine recovered from her swoon, the Blower was still up, and red hot! No one dared to move it. But in the morning the servant girl rushed in speechless, and dragged the family to the parlor fire. It was chock full of melted silver. Examining the coal-scuttle, they found it half-full of WASHOE SILVER ORE! The young man was revenged!—*San Francisco Golden Era.*

"EIGHT MORE AS TWELVE."—A Dutchman in Columbia County, Ohio, leased his lands to an Oil Company, last Spring, on condition of receiving one-eighth of the oil procured. The well proved to be a pretty good one, and the former began to think that the oil men should give him a better chance, and ventured to tell them so. They asked him what he wanted. He said they ought to give him one-twelfth. The agreement was finally made, with the understanding that the Dutchman was to tell no one. All went on smooth until the next division day came, when our friends was early on hand to see how much better he would be off under the new bargain. Eleven barrels were rolled to one side for the oil men and one for him. This did not suit him. "How's dish?" says he; "I tink I was to get more as before. By jinks you make mistake." The matter was explained to him that he formerly got one barrel of every eight, but it was his own proposition to only take one of every twelve. This revelation took him aback. He scratched his head, looked cross, and relieved his swelling breast of feelings of self reproach by indignantly remarking, "Vell, by dunder, dat is de first time as ever I knowed eight was more as twelve."

TAKING HIS CHOICE OF INSULTS.—The Paris Charivari lately gave an account of an aspiring gentleman, who had a five-act play, and proposed to a celebrated dramatist to divide with him the honors of the authorship, a very common practice in Paris, which explains the seeming fecundity of many French writers in repute. The dramatist, otherwise engaged, declined the offer, in the following terms:

"I cannot accept your proposition, sir. It is written in Scripture—'Thou shalt not yoke the ox with the ass.'"

Hereupon the would-be collaborator left in a rage, and the next morning the dramatist received a challenge, commencing thus:—

"Sir:—You insinuated yesterday that I was an OX. I now demand satisfaction," &c., &c.

SCOTCH TALK.—It has been said that the Scottish dialect is peculiarly powerful in its use of vowels, and the following dialogue between a shopman and a customer has been given as a specimen. The conversation relates to a plaid hanging at the shop door:—

Customer—(Inquiring the material.) Oo? (Wool?)

Shopman—Aye, oo. (Yes, of wool.)

Customer—A' oo? (All wool?)

Shopman—Aye, a' oo. (Yes, all wool.)

Customer—A' ae oo? (All same wool?)

Shopman—Ay, a' ae oo. (Yes, all same wool.)

A RASCALLY OUTRAGE.

GENTLEMEN:—A little thing transpired at the theatre the other night, which has pestered me a good deal, and I want to ask your advice about it.

It is generally known in this community that I am in love with a young lady of the name of Susan. Susan has a sister of the name of Jane. Jane is in her nineteenth year, (and has been ever since 1850, when I first had the pleasure of meeting her,) and Susan in her seventeenth. Young Twiggles is also in love with Susan, on account of a report that has gotten out that she is rich—a report I have not the least confidence in. The other day I invited Susan to go with me to the theatre. I invited her because I really wanted her to go. I also invited Jane to go, not because I wanted her to go, but because I could not well avoid it. They both accepted the invitation. Jane ought to have known better. But it seems she didn't.

I went down to the theatre and bought tickets to the quotable value of two dollars and a quarter, and in the evening took the two young ladies to the play. I was soon comfortably seated between them, and had begun to throw in a few healthy licks on the subject of love, &c., with Susan, who seemed very much interested in my remarks, when who should come along but Twiggles! I didn't mind Twiggles coming; of course not. So far as that is concerned, he can come along as much as he pleases. But that wasn't the worst of it. He had the audacity to come and squeeze himself in, and sit down on the other side of Susan! And then, as if to add insult to injury, he talked to her so incessantly that I didn't have a chance to say three words to her during the rest of the evening. But that was not all. That, in fact, was comparatively nothing. For when the play was over, Twiggles gave Susan his arm and led her off home, leaving me to trudge along behind with Jane!

History, I maintain, does not record a more infamous piece of conduct on the part of an individual who expects the community to regard him as a gentleman. When a gentleman goes to the expense of paying a lady's way to the theatre, it strikes me as being extremely bold and unblushing for a fellow who is too penurious to incur that expense himself, to come and monopolize her society. The fellow who would act in that way, is mean enough to go to a circus giving an exhibition for the benefit of the poor, and crawl in under the canvas.

I wish to know what you think of it. Twiggles may get mad and want to fight. I hope he will. I want to thrash him anyhow. I have headed this "A Rascally Outrage." Please print it just that way.

Respectfully, BADGERS.

A LONG SIGHT.—Two sparks from London, while enjoying themselves among the heathen in Argyleshire, last autumn, came upon a decent-looking shepherd, reading on the top of a hill. They accosted him by remarking:

"You have a fine view here; you will see a great way."

"Ou aye, ou aye, a ferry great way."

"Ah! you will see America here?"

"Farrer than that," said Donald.

"Ah! how's that?"

"Ou, just wait till the mist gangs awa, an' you'll see the mune?"

SERVANT-GALISM IN AUSTRALIA.

Great complaints have been made, gravely as well as humorously—by Mrs. Trollope as well as by "Mrs. Mary Clavers"—of the free and easy familiarity of that portion of petticoated humanity, out in the West, called "helps." It appears, however, from a work recently published in England—Mrs. Meredith's "Over the Straits; a Visit to Victoria"—that Australia beats all the rest of the world in the freedom of servant-galism. Here is a scene which she states actually occurred at Melbourne:—

A lady is in want of a servant, and a damsel appears as an applicant for the situation, dressed in everything that can be put on at once in the shape of finery and appendages. Entering the lady's drawing-room, she selects the most tempting *causeuse*, and seats herself. The lady looks her astonishment.

"What are you staring at? Because I'm sitting down? Why, you don't suppose I'm going to stand all the while I'm talking to you? Couldn't think of such a thing! Oh! I tell you, you don't need to be surprised—its *quite Colonial*."

The question of wages is brought forward.

"Wages? Oh! I suppose you mean my *salary*. Well, I'll take £150 a-year, if the work's light."

The lady walks slowly up and down.

"I do wish you'd sit down. I hate talking to folks when they're walking about. And now I've took the trouble of coming to speak about business, I must beg you'll sit still."

"Very well—perhaps I mayn't object to the situation. And you'll understand I like to have my friends to tea and supper, and sometimes to dinner and when I've company I can't be running after you. And then I always have two days to myself every week! 'sides Sunday."

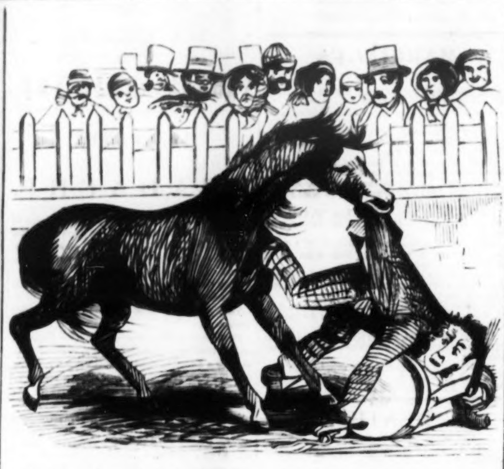
"Two entire days!" exclaimed the amazed mistress; and "who's to do the work?"

"*Who's to do the work?* Why *you*, to be sure! who else is likely to do it? Oh! you needn't look that way—I assure you it's *quite Colonial*. Then, I suppose, you're clever with your needle? Most folks is from the old country."

"*Me!*" replies the lady. "*Me* clever with my needle! Why, what *can* that possibly signify to you?"

"Signify? Oh! all in the world: because you'll have to help me to make my dresses. Couldn't think of engaging with anybody as isn't able to do *that*. It's *quite Colonial*."

☞ He who labors for mankind, without a care for himself, has already begun his immortality.



MR. JOCKEY having heard Mr. Rarey lecture, flatters himself that he has learned the entire system of horse breaking. His first exhibition to his friends!

NORA M'CARTY.

Nora is pretty,
Nora is witty;
Witty and pretty as pretty can be!
She is the completest
Of girls, and the neatest,
The brightest and sweetest;
But she is not for me!
Mavourneen.

Nora, be still, you!
Nora, why will you
Be witty and pretty as pretty can be,
So strong and so slender,
So haughty and tender,
So sweet in your splendor—
And yet not for me?
Mavourneen.

THE CADETS AT WEST POINT.

It would seem that the cadets at West Point have a healthy home at any rate. In reply to the question put to him by the commissioner—"Do you consider that the training at the Academy is well adapted to the physical development of the cadets?" Surgeon McDougall answered—"I do—*eminently* so. It cannot be denied that a certain amount of physical exercise is, at all ages, conducive to health and the due performance of the animal functions, and also at the period intervening between youth and manhood, essentially requisite to full and perfect muscular development. In elegance of form and proportion, with capabilities of endurance, it would be difficult to select an equal number of the same age at any other institution to compare with a graduating class at the Military Academy. The remarkable exemption of army officers, graduates of West Point, from tubercular disease of the lungs, can be accounted for in no other way than by the physical training they have had while at the Military Academy—a pathological fact of great interest to the army medical officer and to the profession in general, suggestive of the proper course to be advised to those having hereditary tendencies to pulmonary affections. The hospital records at West Point exhibit eleven deaths among the cadets from 1840 to 1860." Eleven deaths in twenty years is certainly not a high average of mortality. Of these, the report shows that three were from dysentery, two from *phthisis pulmonalis*, one from drowning, one from congestion of the brain, one from cholera, one from pneumonia, one from typhoid fever, and one from "continued fever." During this period of twenty years, one thousand six hundred and eighty-nine cadets have been in the Academy, though but eight hundred and twenty-six graduated.

Agricultural.

SHOULD WE WASH SHEEP?

The following sensible article upon the subject of washing sheep we find in the Ohio Farmer. It is certainly worth considering, and may lead to beneficial results:

Humanity, at least, says *No!* With the natural fear a sheep has for water, it must be cruel to subject them to such treatment as they sometimes get by the process familiarly called "washing;" yet, in truth, it is not only a detriment to the wool, but to the sheep.

We take it for granted, that what is good for the health of man in the way of care, holds good with the sheep; and who among all our shepherds would think of following his sheep home from the mill-pond without a change of clothes, when sometimes it is cold enough to make his teeth chatter? How can we then expect it to benefit our sheep, especially when we have a week's rainy weather just after washing, and very often, in this climate, it is cold and unhealthy for man and beast. Yet some will say it does the sheep no harm; but facts prove that this is not the case—both your sheep and lambs suffer materially.

But this is only one feature. *It costs a great deal of time* and money which could be applied to a better use in cultivating our spring crop. It is no trifle to wash 3,000 sheep every year.

But the most potent argument in favor of not washing our sheep is, we can shear from three to four weeks sooner, and thus give the more time after shearing for the growth of wool, to protect them from the fall rains and from the cold in winter, which is no inconsiderable item. How often do we delay washing on account of the water being too cold, when the weather is abundantly warm to shear? The sheep will not suffer with the cold in May, if they are cared for during the three days immediately after shearing. We would gain one-sixth more clothing, to protect our sheep from the cold of winter, besides a stronger constitution and a healthier sheep, than if we had frozen our sheep in May by washing them.

Finally, *manufacturers would rather have the wool unwashed.* They have to re-wash it after us; why not let them do their own washing, and then if it is not well done, they will know who to complain of. One-half of the wool in some sections of country where they have no clear running water, is actually damaged by the attempt to wash it on the back. It is made a bug-bear of in market, and thus the producer is forced to take less than his wool is really worth. Wool-growers! we stand in our own light upon this subject. But taking unwashed wool to market cannot be practised by one here and there.—It must be a general reform. How, then, shall we best and most directly get at it? It can be done by "county" organizations.—Shall we make the attempt? By so doing, we shall practice humanity, save labor, save time and money, improve our sheep, benefit ourselves, and benefit the manufacturer.

PLANT SYMPATHY AND ANTIPATHY

Our readers may take the following, by a correspondent of the American Farmer, for what it is worth; we do not vouch for it:—

SYMPATHY.

The vine likes the nearness of cherry trees and elms.

A white vine, planted immediately beside a blue, gets blue grapes.

Chestnut trees among mulberry trees get twice as large fruit.

Lemon, orange, myrtle, cypress, and laurel trees grow and succeed best among one another.

The asparagus increases much better near the hedeoma pulegioides, which gives the pennyroyal.

Will you reinforce the smell of the roses? plant some garlic or onion among them.

If you plant some roses and white lilies together in one bed, both get much more sweet scent.

If you have a valuable flower, which commences to fade by any accident, put next to it a chamomile, with its roots in the same plot, and you will see revive the fading flower from day to day.

Will you produce extraordinary big turnips, beet roots, carrots, or red beets? Excavate a few of these, put the seed into the hole, and after a few days sow it.

Will you attain a considerable fertility of the vines? strew some powdered tartar, mixed with a little ox blood, among their roots, and you attain an incredible success.

ANTIPATHY.

The walnut tree is hostile and noxious to every other fruit tree in its near neighborhood.

Enemies against one another are: the olive and the oak, the vine and the laurel tree.

Cucumbers, planted among olive trees, perish.

An oak tree, beside a walnut tree, dries up.

Colocynths are noxious to every herb or flower in the same bottom.

Hemlock, beside a vine, dries up.

Rose and orange water loses its sweet scent during the time of blowing of those plants (?)

The wine becomes unquiet and ferments in the casks while the vine blooms.

VENTILATION OF THE APPLE-BARRELS.—By this we mean the boring of holes in the head-staves of barrels, that will allow the escape of the moisture that is constantly passing off from newly gathered fruit. The effects of confined vapor upon the apple is not at once apparent. The fruit appears uncommonly bright on the first opening, but as the surface dries off, the apple begins to grow dull-looking, and if a light-skinned apple, in a day or two will present the appearance of half-baked fruit. But this steaming from confinement not only injures the sale of the fruit, but to the disappointment of the consumer, his fruit does not keep as he supposed it would, and as the variety of apple he purchased led him to suppose it would. Premature decay is sure to follow as a consequence of this want of ventilation.

THE CAUSE OF THE GREAT FRUIT CROP OF 1860.—In our remarks on the subject, in reviewing the last season, we observed that the dry May, with the regular supply of moisture following, probably had a favorable influence. Hovey's Magazine of Horticulture, speaking on the same subject, says:—"The large and fine pear crop has been the subject of considerable remark among cultivators, who have contrasted it with that of previous years, and various suggestions have been made as to the cause; but so far as we have heard, all seem to agree that it was mainly owing to the remarkably dry, even and genial weather of May, when the young fruit was setting, and the somewhat cooler, but moist and very uniform temperature of June, both free from cold westerly winds, or chilly easterly storms; the weather, in fact, for two whole months, being more like that of an orchard-house or cool grapery, than the usual changeable character of that season. Watching very carefully for years the effect of climate upon fruits, more particularly pears, we have no doubt the unusually fine crop has been owing to the above causes; and the lesson we learn from it is, that shelter and uniform moisture are essential to the superior culture of this fruit."

FATTENING HOGS ON DRY CORN.—A writer in the Country Gentleman, remarks, that "one of my neighbors—a farmer all his life, and over seventy years of age—fattens his hogs in a dry pen, without water or slop, giving them nothing but dry corn, and I have noted the fact for five years that I have lived here, that he has made I think the best—I know the fattest—pork in this county. The hogs while fattening, particularly in dry, warm weather, eat and lie down, walking about but little. Had I known the above twenty years ago, it would have saved me a great deal."

A WRITER in the Southern Planter, says that he never knew black hogs to have the mange, while white ones are very subject to it, and sometimes die of it.

Useful Receipts.

CLEAR VEGETABLE SOUP.—Cut in small dice, two-thirds of carrots and turnips, and one-third of onions, leeks and celery, altogether about half a pound; wash them well, drain, put into pan or iron pot, two ounces of butter or dripping, and a teaspoonful of sugar; put on the fire, stir often; when no moisture is to be seen, add three pints of broth No. 1, simmer and skim, until the carrots are tender, and serve. If all the above vegetables cannot be obtained at the same time, use the same weight of either. Be careful that you remove the fat from all clear soup. All clear vegetable soup, when done, ought to partake of a brownish color.

CARROT SOUP.—For carrots, proceed as above, and simmer till tender; they take twice as long as the artichokes doing.—*Soyer's Cookery for the People.*

TEETOTAL BARM.—Take one pound of malt, a quarter of a pound of honey, one ounce of cream of tartar; then take three pints of water of a temperature produced by mixing equal parts of boiling and of cold water together; into this stir the above ingredients, and then keep at a simmer heat till the barm or yeast is formed.—*English Paper.*

OYSTER TOAST.—Cut four slices of bread, pare off the crusts and toast the bread. Butter the toast on both sides. Then select a dozen fine fat and plump oysters, and mince them; place them thickly between the slices of toast, seasoning them with Cayenne pepper. Beat the yolks of four eggs, and mix them with half-a-pint of cream, adding, if thought necessary, a few blades of mace. Put this into a saucepan, and set it over the fire to simmer till thick, but do not allow it to boil; stir it well lest it should curdle. When it is near boiling heat take it off, and pour it over the toast.—*The Oyster.*

CHEAP CEMENT.—Prof. Edmund Davy lately read a paper to the Royal Dublin Society, on a cement which he obtains by melting together, in an iron vessel, two parts (by weight) of common pitch, with one part of gutta-percha. It forms a homogeneous fluid, which is much more manageable for many useful purposes than gutta-percha alone, and which, after being poured into cold water, may be easily wiped dry, and kept for use. The cement adheres with the greatest tenacity to wood, stone, glass, porcelain, ivory, leather, parchment, paper, hair, feathers, silk, woollen, cotton, &c.

THE MINERALS IN OUR BODIES.—In the body of a man weighing 154 pounds, there are about 7½ pounds of mineral matter, consisting of: phosphate of lime, 5 pounds 13 ounces; carbonate of lime, 1 pound; salt, 3 ounces 376 grains; peroxyd of iron, 150 grains; silica, 3 grains. Making 7 pounds, 5 ounces and 49 grains, with minute quantities of potash, chlorine, and several other substances.—The rest of the system is composed of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon; 111 pounds of the oxygen and hydrogen being combined in the form of water. Though the quantity of some of these substances is very small, it is found absolutely essential to health that this small quantity should be supplied; hence the importance of a variety of food. If we furnish nature with all the material required, she will select such as the system needs, and always just in the proper quantities.

REAL PETS.—Best of all pets are little children, real children—not the fashionable ones, who, as soon as they can walk and talk, are transformed by artificial processes into silly little dolls—poor things! It is well to cherish a friendship for God's mute creatures, to be kind and gentle to the birds and beasts, and to recognize them as created by Him who "made and loveth us;" but human souls have the first claim upon our affections, and sentimental women who lavish their tenderness upon pet dogs and kittens, yet shrink from contact with buoyant, noisy childhood, are to be regarded with suspicion.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 33 letters.

My 1, 2, 17, 4, 16, 22, 33, is a county of Louisiana.
My 2, 27, 27, 17, 33, 12, 10, 22, 3, is a cape on the Western part of Brazil.
My 3, 4, 2, 10, 6, 26, 10, is a river in Ireland.
My 4, 32, 19, 13, 24, 9, 19, 15, is a capital of one of the Eastern States.
My 5, 19, 12, 17, 4, is a sea of Europe.
My 6, 9, 19, 22, 4, 21, 32, 19, 26, 27, 12, 10, 2, is one of the United States.
My 7, 2, 29, 30, 5, 32, is a river of Africa.
My 8, 4, 12, 2, 10, 21, 4, 33, 6, is a mountain in Asia.
My 9, 6, 18, 32, 19, 31, 26, is a lake of North America.
My 10, 16, 26, is an island in the Archipelago.
My 11, 9, 27, 26, 10, 6, 32, is a cape of Italy.
My 12, 6, 15, 5, 32, 10, is an ocean of Asia.
My 13, 9, 18, 12, 27, 27, 32, 3, is a town in Texas.
My 14, 28, 21, 2, 13, 32, 10, is a division of Central America.
My 15, 9, 28, 19, 26, is a river of Spain.
My 16, 6, 15, 12, 2, 6, 32, is one of the United States.
My 17, 32, 6, 15, 14, is a a cape of Australia.
My 18, 19, 9, 14, is a city in Maine.
My 19, 28, 3, 17, 20, 32, is a division of Europe.
My 20, 25, 14, is a cape of Russian America.
My 21, 28, 30, 2, is an island in the Gulf of Mexico.
My 22, 28, 6, 5, 17, is a division of Africa.
My 23, 28, 24, 32, is a a town of the Russian Empire.
My 24, 27, 26, 19, 31, 15, 2, is one of the United States.
My 25, 26, 19, 32, 27, is a sea of Oceanica.
My 26, 13, 19, 2, 10, 8, 9, is a town of Italy.
My 27, 12, 29, 2, is the capital of one of the countries of South America.
My 28, 22, 32, 4, is a portion of the United States.
My 29, 26, 10, 29, 9, 28, 13, 4, is a town of England.
My 30, 9, 17, 8, 26, 6, is the capital of one of the Eastern States.
My 31, 25, 32, is a town of Peru.
My 32, 19, 21, 9, 27, 2, is a town of Lombardy.
My whole is a great city in the United States.

Philadelphia. REBECCA.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 1, 4, is a pronoun.
My 8, 22, 14, is an insect we should learn from.
My 2, 3, 11, 23, 19, is a river in the Southern States.
My 17, 20, 14, is a domestic animal.
My 5, 10, 15, 14, is the name for a small lizard.
My 6, 18, 20, 21, is the name for the twelve months.
My 7, 3, 8, is the name for a large body of water.
My 9, 16, 24, 20, is the feminine of David.
My 18, 8, 21, is part of the body.

WILLIAM T. TOTTEN.

ENIGMA.

I am found in the ocean's surging wave, (1)
And oft I rest in a coral cave;
But ne'er am seen, though often tasted,
Until, alas! the heat has wasted
My dwelling so lonely, so bright and fair,
To a vapor light as the summer air;
I lie many feet beneath the earth, (2)
Careless alike of its sorrow and mirth.
Though thousands of mortals live in me, (3)
Who the light of sun but seldom see,
I sparkle and shine like a brilliant gem, (4)
But a ray from the sun's worth all to them;
Yet many a traveller who visits me,
Thinks a more beautiful home there cannot be,
I'm formed into streets and houses so bright, (5)
That when you first see them they dazzle the sight;
In some places, again, I rise so high (6)
That I almost seem to touch the sky;
Five hundred feet I'm known to measure, (7)
There, you may fancy I'm no great treasure;
But if in the desert a friend you should see, (8)
In a bag at his girdle you'll surely find me,
He'll ask you to taste me, proof of good will, (9)
And should you refuse, he would take it as ill.
In times of old, I always gave
The great division 'tween noble and slave, (10)
Now search from palace to poor man's cot, (11)
And you'll not find a house where I am not.
Adieu, gentle reader, pray tell if you can,
The place whence I came, and the thing which I am.

E. W. E.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A gentleman bought a quantity of cloth for $466,56. The number of pieces was equal to the number of yards in one piece, and the number of yards in one piece was equal to the number of cents paid for one yard. What was the price?

Glencoe, Ga. J. W. HATCHER.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Three persons setting out towards each other, at the respective rates of 1, 2 and 3 yards per second, from the three equal angles of an equiangular triangle, the sides of which are each 900 yards in length, meet at the same point at the same time. Required—the distance each has travelled?

HENRY E. STRODE.

Fredericksburg, Va.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is the letter G like an individual who has left an evening party? Ans.—Because it makes one gone.

☞ When is the letter L like a piece of unparalleled generosity? Ans.—When it enables a lady to make over a lover.

☞ Why are soldiers like clocks? Ans.—Because their first duty is to mark time.

☞ Why is a selfish friend like the letter P? Ans.—Because, though the first in pity, he is the last in help.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Understanding without wealth, is like feet without shoes; wealth without understanding, is like shoes without feet. RIDDLE—Cane. TRANSPOSITION—Palm. ALGEBRICAL PROBLEM—The field was cleared in 8 days; they all could clear it in 3 days; A in 18, B in 36, C in 12, and D in 6 days.